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EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

EASTERN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

Marriage in the East seems devoid of the romance and sentiment by which it is marked in the West. There is none of the refined feeling, the prolonged and delicate courtship, the romantic glamour which makes even the prosaic work-day world a garden in Arcady. It has rather a mercenary and business-like aspect. It is an arrangement between parents or guardians with much negotiation as to dowry and property. The principals in the contract rare-

ly meet each other before the marriage compact is sealed. Indeed the Oriental theory seems to be that love comes after marriage, not before it.

When a young man has reached a proper age and acquired sufficient means to pay a suitable dowry, his parents relieve him of the trouble, or defraud him of the pleasure, of wooing his bride. The mother, or a go-between who acts in her place, selects an eligible damsel. The father sends a deputy to act as "friend of the bridegroom," (Judges xiv. 20; John iii. 29), to conduct the business negotiations. These being satisfactory, a written contract is signed and a portion of the bride's dowry is paid in hand. Her father is expected to contribute also a suitable sum to her marriage portion. Gifts to the bride or her family are also often made on the part of the bridegroom. These customs find illustration in that olden romance, the betrothal of Isaac and Rebekah. (Genesis xxiv.) This betrothal is held only less sacred than marriage, if not indeed its equivalent. (Matthew i. 18, 25.) The dowry, as Dr. Tristram states, among the class just above the peasant in Egypt, varies from £15 to £25, or more if the bridegroom's father be wealthy. There is often a betrothal feast almost as liberal as a wedding festival.

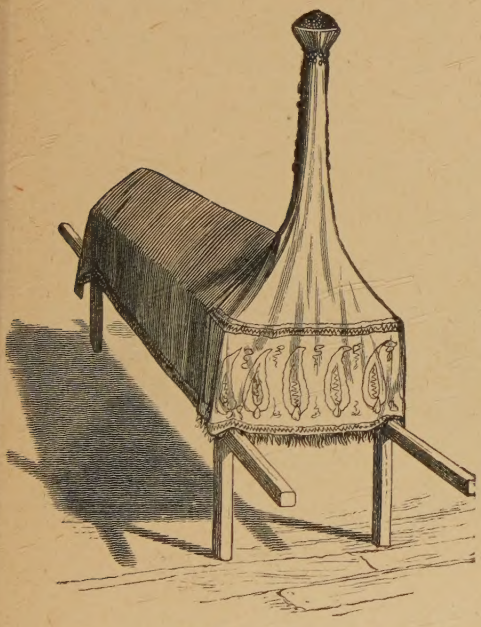
The marriage festivities often commence a week before the wedding day and continue as long after. Invitations are sent far and wide to all the kin on either side. (Judges xiv. 12, and John ii. 1, 2.)

JEWISH FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Often the invitation is literally in the words of Scripture, "Come, for all things are now ready." (Luke xiv. 17.) Sometimes a wealthy host will distribute new and costly garments among the guests. To this custom allusion is made in Matthew xxii. 11: The king finding a man without a wedding garment rejected him as an unauthorized intruder from the feast. The company is often so numerous that the wine becomes exhausted, as at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee.

The home-bringing of the bride

is, of course, the great event of the marriage festival. It takes place generally at night. The bridegroom accompanied by his friends repairs to the house of the bride to escort her to her new home. As he approaches the house of the bride the cry is heard, as in the time of our Lord, "Behold the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him." The unwatchful or foolish friends of the bride may find themselves unprepared to join



FUNERAL BIER.

the marriage procession and thus miss the joys of the marriage feast. With some show of resistance, real or feigned, sometimes with quite a struggle, the bride is surrounded by the bridegroom's friends and borne away. Closely veiled, she walks beneath a canopy, or is carried in an enclosed palanquin or on a camel.

These processions generally take place at night, with great illumination of the houses and brilliant array of torches or lamps, and a loud din of rather discordant music.

The marriage procession having entered into the house of the bridegroom, the door is shut, originally as a precautionary measure against assault by robbers, who might attempt to carry off the costly jewellery and garments, or even the bride herself for a ransom. Hence, when the foolish and belated virgins knocked at the door saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," their cry was in vain.

"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter in !"

These customs lend new meaning to the sublime passage in Revelation xix. 6-9.

Not until the bride is thus brought to his own or his mother's house is the young husband permitted to lift the veil and look for the first time upon the face of his newly wedded wife. "All the possibilities of life," says Dr. Trumbull, "centre then in a single look. One glimpse will show whether it is dull-eyed Leah or beautiful and well-favoured Rachel whom the veil has covered, and whether he who lifts it is one to win or to repel a true woman's love. Bitter disappointments, as well as unanticipated satisfactions, are among the recorded surprises of these Oriental bridal unveilings. Instances are known, in the far East at least, of a bridegroom's looking with horror at such a moment into the face of a leper bride. And on the other hand, bright examples of happiness in wedded life can be pointed to which had their start in loving glances first exchanged when an Oriental bridegroom uncovered the face of his blushing bride."

Notwithstanding this inauspicious beginning, married life in the Orient is often one of deep, strong and tender attachment. The wife of a Bedouin chief frequently attains a position of great influence and authority.

The marriage ceremony as above described is that which takes place among the modern Moslems, in which no religious rite is observed beyond the bridegroom going to the mosque to give thanks. The utterance of the single sentence, "I give myself up to thee," by the bride constitutes her a legal wife. Among the various Christian sects the sanctions of religion are given according to the rites of their several Churches.

One of our earliest experiences in Cairo was encountering such a marriage procession. The glare of the torches, the splendour of the costumes, the throbbing of the drums and shrilling of the fifes and flageolets, the chanting of the marriage song and the joyous shouts of the "children of the bridechamber," the illumination of the bridegroom's house, all made a brilliant and beautiful pageant.

FUNERAL IN JERUSALEM.

The desolation of Judah is foretold by the prophet in the touching words, "Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride : for the land shall be desolate." (Jer. vii. 34.)

There is as little difference between the funeral rites of the ancients and the moderns in the Orient as between their marriage customs. As soon as the vital

spark has fled the women of the household announce the death by long and wailing cries. Soon the professional mourners gather like the vultures around a dead camel in the desert, and their strange piercing cry is heard which is compared by Micah to the wailing of dragons and the cry of the screech-owl. (Micah i. 8.) To this reference is also made in Mark v. 38 : Jesus coming to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, "seeing the tumult and them that wept and wailed greatly, said, Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead but sleepeth." Jeremiah also predicted the desolation of Israel in the pathetic words, "For a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion. . . O ye women, teach your daughters wailing and every one her neighbour lamentation. For death is come up in our windows and is entered into our palaces, to cut off our children from without and the young men from the streets" (Jer. ix. 19-21.)

With impassioned Oriental fervour the women also tear their hair, beat their breasts and throw dust upon their heads. Often the whole kith and kin of the deceased join in frantic demonstrations of grief. "The practice of tearing one's clothes is a sign of sorrow," says Dr. Vanlennep, "and is strictly adhered to on such occasions. Care is taken, however, not to injure the garment by this operation, for the undertaker, who had immediately assumed the arranging of every detail, goes round to every mourner, and carefully rips the central seam of his kuftan, or robe, three or four inches down the breast ; this is afterwards easily repaired with a needle and thread. Mourners sometimes take off their outer clothing, and cover themselves from head to foot with a piece of brown, coarse sackcloth, such as is worn by slaves while offered for sale ; and occasionally they throw dust or ashes upon their heads when thus covered, as a token of grief and humiliation." To this practice reference is made as early as the time of Moses. (Lev. x. 6. See also 2 Sam. xiii. 21 ; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 27.)

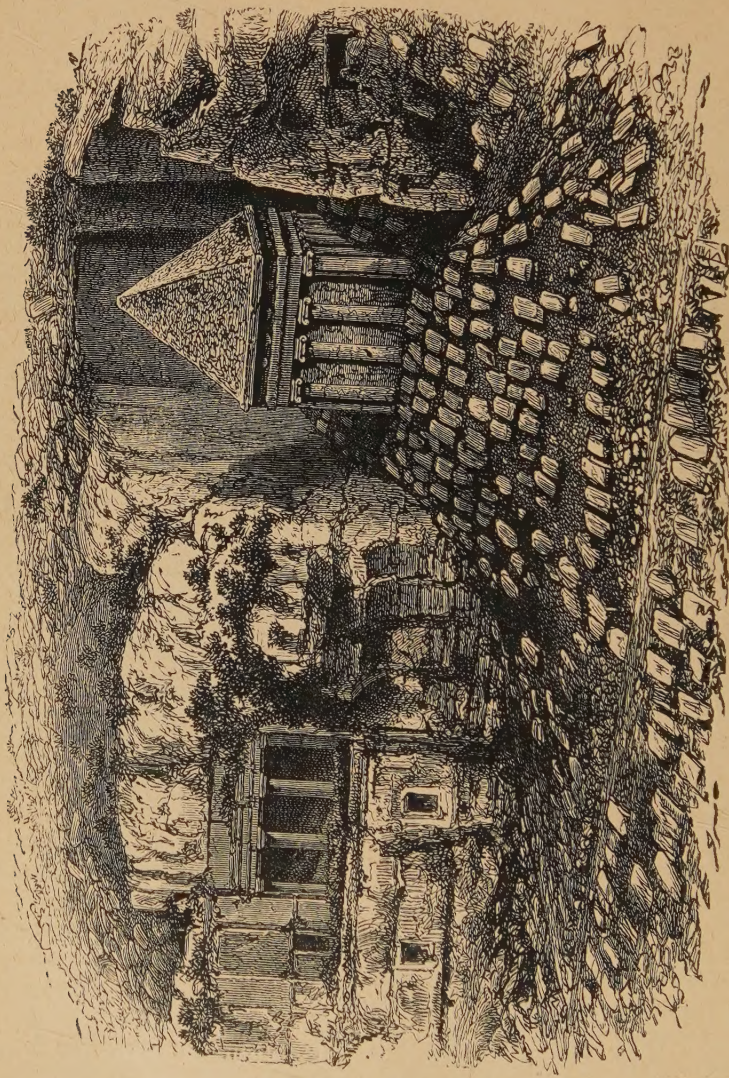
The curious custom still obtains in Persia of bottling up the tears of the mourners as in the ancient times. This is done in the following manner : "As the mourners

EMBALMED HEAD OF RAMESES THE GREAT —THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION.

are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton-wool, with which he wipes off his tears ; this cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Ps.

lvi. 8 : " Put thou my tears into thy bottle." The practice was once universal, as is proved by the tear-bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection." We have in our possession such a tear vessel brought from the Catacombs at Rome. The women in Egypt still permit the nail of their little finger to grow long that they may scratch their face with it when mourning. This custom was prohibited to the Israelites. (Deut. xiv. 1.)

Among the Egyptians for over two thousand years the custom of embalming the dead was observed. This was effected by the use of natron, bitumen, balms and spices, and strong antiseptics. The bodies were interred in the rock-hewn tombs which honeycomb the cliffs of the Nile or burrow beneath the



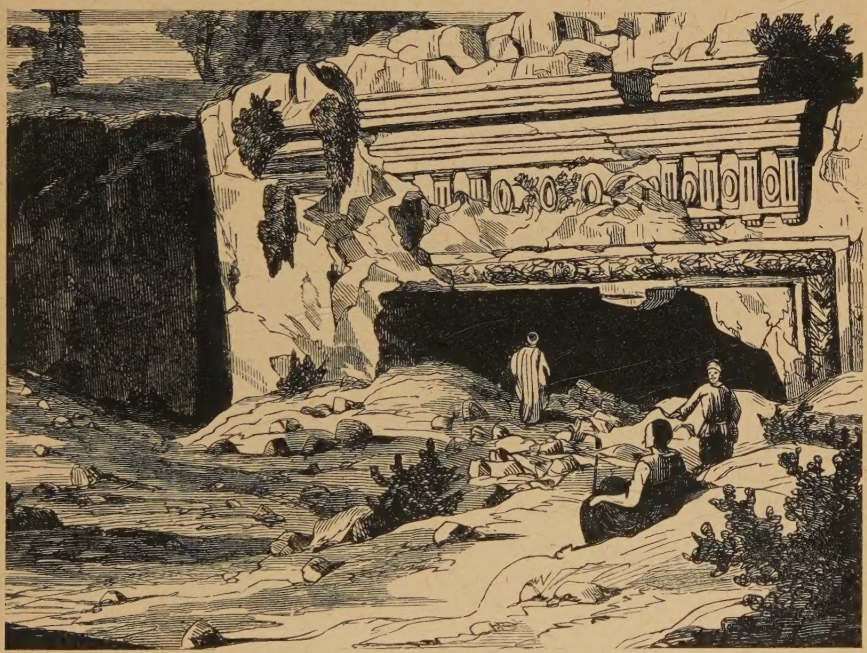
TOMB OF ST. JAMES AND OF ZACHARIAH.

desert sand. It is the estimate of Miss Amelia B. Edwards that eight hundred millions of mummies, equal to two-thirds the present population of the earth, were thus embalmed. In the case of Jacob and Joseph this custom was adopted by the Israelites and possibly from their taskmasters they also borrowed the practice of interment with sweet spices and balm. At the burial of princes as described by Josephus, an almost incredible amount of these were employed.

In the earlier times, when the dictates of nature were allowed to have their way, the dead were borne to their last resting-place by the hands of father, son and brothers, or nearest friends. Thus Isaac and Ishmael bore the Father of the Faithful to the cave of Machpelah which he had purchased for the burial of Sarah his wife. (Gen. xxv. 9.) Thus Isaac was borne by his sons Jacob and Esau to the same place of burial. (Gen. xxxv. 29 ; see also Judges xvi. 31.) And thus the disciples of John the Baptist took up his headless body and laid it in a tomb. (Mark vi. 29.)

The heat of the climate (Acts v. 10), and the fear of ceremonial defilement (Num. xix. 11), required the speedy interment of the dead, which generally took place before sunset on the day of the death. The body was wrapped in a clean linen cloth as described by the Evangelists in the burial of our Lord. (Matt. xxvii. 59 ; Mark xv. 46 ; Luke xxiii. 53 ; see also John xiii. 29, and xii. 1-7.)

The body was carried to its last home upon an open bier. (See 2 Sam. iii. 31 ; Luke vii. 14 ; and Acts v. 6-10.) Friends, often accompanied by hired mourners, filled the air with wailing and



"TOMBS OF THE KINGS."

recited the virtues or heroisms of the dead.

On the day after our arrival in Palestine this sound of sorrow, old as humanity yet ever new, was one of the first to meet our ears. From the high hilltop near the rude stone village of Abu-Gosh, so named from a robber-chief, who for over a score of years terrorized the whole region, we heard the wailing chant borne on the air, and saw through our glasses a group of women circling round a spot on a distant hillside. We set out to

PILLAR OF ABSALOM.

investigate and soon met a procession of women and girls, marching with locked hands in twos and threes, and singing, in plaintive cadence, a lamentation for a dead sheik of a neighbouring village. Our dragoman interpreted the words as follows: "Our good sheik, Mustafa, is dead. Come, virgins, let us go to make lamentation for him. He was a good horseman. Our sheik Mustafa is dead, let us make lamentation for him." Curiously enough the deceased was a descendant of the robber-chief, Abu-Gosh, whose tomb, revered like that of a saint, we saw in the neighbourhood.

Again, from the top of the pylon of the temple of Denderah in Upper Egypt, we heard a similar lamentation, akin to that which ran through the land of Nile on the death of the firstborn. The weeping and wailing of women, like Rachel weeping for her children, who would not be comforted because they were not.

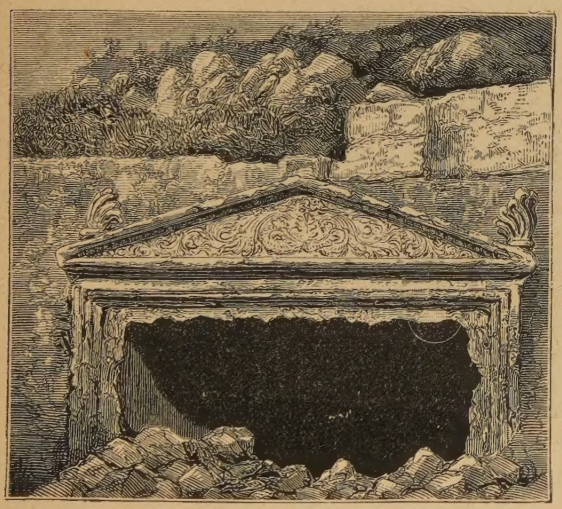
Again at eventide, in the streets of Jerusalem, accompanied by the saddening notes of a plaintive flute, the sound of the mourners going about the streets met our ear, and upon the shoulders of sorrowing friends were borne the remains of the departed, not far from the very spot where, well-nigh nineteen hundred years ago, devout men bore the martyr Stephen in like manner to his burial. (Acts viii. 2.)

Surely one of the strangest lamentations ever heard was when recently the mummies of the Pharaohs were discovered in a tomb in Upper Egypt. For three days three hundred Arabs were employed in conveying their mummy cases to the river side. As the Nile steamboat bore them down the river to the distant city of Cairo, news of the strange recovery of the bodies of the ancient lords of Egypt spread through the whole Nile valley, the people left the villages and flocked down to the river side. The men fired off their guns, the women unbraided their long hair, and wailed their lamentation for the dead Pharaohs, their high priests and princes, with possibly scarce less fervour than that of the professional wailers who followed them to their tombs four thousand years ago.

After the interment of the dead a generous repast was generally furnished for the refreshment of kinsfolk who came from a distance and perhaps from a natural re-

action from the pressure of grief. To this custom in modern times Shakespeare refers in the keen sarcasm of Hamlet, "The funeral baked meats do furnish forth the marriage table."

On the limestone hills of Palestine the tombs were generally hewn out of the rock, thus the vale of Hinnom and cliffs of Engeddi, as well as the Libyan ranges of Egypt, were honeycombed with the rock-hewn chambers of the dead. The slopes of Olivet are also burrowed with these rocky tombs. The valley of Jehosaphat is one



"TOMBS OF THE JUDGES."

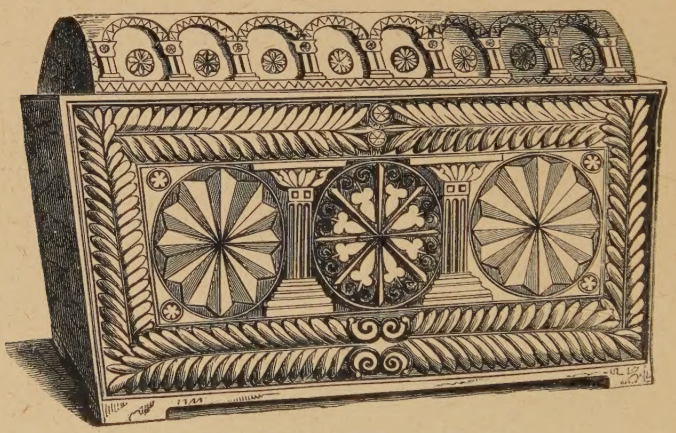
great cemetery. The Moslems declared that here Mohammed shall judge the world, an idea, perhaps, derived from the prophecy of Joel, "Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehosaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. . . Multitudes, multitudes, in the Valley of Decision ; for the day of the Lord is near in the Valley of Decision." (Joel iii. 12-14.) It has been for ages the place of burial for both Jews and Moslems. Many generations sleep beneath the slabs which literally pave the ground. From very ancient times this valley seems to have been a favourite place of sepulture. Here we have the tombs of Jehosaphat, Absalom, and Zechariah. The latter is an isolated pyramid, thirty feet in height, hewn entirely from the rock, and bearing a number of Hebrew names.

Near by is the tomb of St. James, with two Doric columns in front, and a number of chambers and rock tombs behind. Tradition avers that here St. James lay concealed after the crucifixion. His tomb in the fifteenth century was occupied by monks, but was afterwards used as a sheep pen.

Next we reach the tomb of Absalom. It is a huge sube about twenty feet square, and about as many high, hewn out of solid rock. Above it is a low spire, about forty-seven feet in height. It is identified with the tomb mentioned in 2 Sam. xviii. 18. Around the base of this monument the ground is covered with stones, thrown there by the Jews in detestation of the unfilial conduct of Absalom.

Before leaving Jerusalem we made a visit to the Tombs of the Kings in the vicinity of that city. They have been better identified as the tombs of Queen Helena, a Jewish proselyte of the first century, and of her family. A large court about ninety feet square and twenty feet deep, has been sunk in the solid rock. To this a flight of steps leads from the surface of the ground. On the west side is an open portico shown in cut, page 9, once supported by two pillars, which are now broken away. Within is an elaborate system of catacomb-like vaults and cells.

Lighting our candles we descended a short stairway to the entrance to these vaults. It was closed by a large circular slab, which could be rolled backwards or forwards in a groove or mortise in the rock, thus illustrating the Scripture, "Who will roll us away the stone from the sepulchre?" There are within, seven rock-hewn chambers which bear evidence of once having been closed with stone doors. They are lined with numerous cells opening from them, containing stone coffins for one or two bodies, and in some cases detached sarcophagi of the general design shown in the above cut. One of these is now in the Louvre in Paris.



ANCIENT STONE COFFIN, JERUSALEM.

About a quarter of an hour's journey farther are the Tombs of the Judges. A small sunken court leads to a vestibule seven feet wide with a gable, as shown in cut. Behind this another door admits to a series of tomb-chambers with receptacles for many bodies. There are also numerous other rock tombs in the neighbourhood. The myth that the Judges of Israel are buried here is of recent date.

Where interment in rock tombs is not possible, the common mode of burial in the earth is practised. The graves, crowded thickly together, are covered with brick or plaster masonry. At the head and foot are placed turban-crowned, upright stones to guard the body; one to represent the accusing, the other the guardian angel, which shall contend for the dead man's spirit on the resurrection day.

The custom of going to the grave to weep there (John xi. 31), is one which still largely continues throughout the East. On Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, the cemeteries are crowded with groups of mourners sitting on the ground around the grave and wailing piteously beneath the cypress trees over the dust of their departed friends.

For the sheik of the tribe or any very holy teacher or saint separate low-domed tombs were erected. These were generally erected on the top of some hill, and being frequently whitewashed were very conspicuous from afar. Such a tomb our Saviour referred to in the words, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

It has been alleged that the Jews had no clear conception of the resurrection, but Canon Tristram quotes the following passage from the Jewish prayer-book, which there is every reason to believe was in use long before the time of our Lord :

" Thou, O Lord, art mighty forever ; thou quickenest the dead ; thou art strong to save ; thou sustainest the living by thy mercy ; thou quickenest the dead by thy great compassion ; thou makest good thy faithfulness to them that sleep in the dust ; thou art faithful to quicken the dead. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who quickenest the dead." Such benedictions show how strongly, he adds, the belief in a future life and a resurrection to come was impressed on the Jewish mind, even though it may not occupy a prominent place in the Old Testament Scriptures.

Like the marriage festivities, says Dr. Trumbull, the funeral ceremonies are often continued through seven days and nights, and as feastings and rejoicings are the main features of the marriage celebration, so feastings and wailings are the prominent characteristics of the funeral week. When the patriarch Job was mourning his dead, his friends, as in duty bound, " made an appointment together to come to bemoan him and to comfort him "—with a hearty wailing. And when they were in sight of him " they lifted up their voice, and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

Mrs. Rogers, as quoted by Dr. Trumbull, describes one of those lamentations which she witnessed near Nazareth in Palestine, as follows : Presently an especial lamentation was commenced, to which I was invited to respond. I was still seated at the end of the room near to the widow. The women on my left hand, led by a celebrated professional mourner (the Oriental soprano), sang these

TURKISH CEMETERY.

eulogistic words with vigour and energy :

" We saw him in the midst of the company of riders,
Riding bravely on his horse, the horse he loved."

The women on the opposite side of the room answered in a lower and more plaintive key, beating their breasts mournfully :

" Alas ! No more shall we see him
In the midst of the company of riders,
Bravely riding on his horse, the horse he loved."

The first singers sang :

"We saw him in the garden, the pleasant garden,
With his companions, and his children, the children he loved."

The second singers answered :

"Alas ! no more shall we see him
In the garden, the pleasant garden,
With his companions, and his children, the children he loved."

Chorus of all the women, singing softly :

"His children and his servants blessed him !
His home was the shelter of happiness !
Peace be unto him !"

First singers :

"We saw him give help and succour to the aged,
And good counsel to the young."

Second singers :

"Alas ! no more shall we see him
Give help and succour to the aged,
And good counsel to the young."

Chorus of all the women, singing softly :

SHEIK'S TOMB AT NAZARETH—"A WHITED SEPULCHRE."

First singers—loudly and with animation, (in recognition of the primeval standard of character exhibited in hospitality) :

"We saw him giving food to the hungry,
And clothing to the naked."

Second singers—softly and plaintively :

"Alas ! no more shall we see him
Give food to the hungry,
And garments to the naked !"

"He suffered not the stranger to sleep in the streets :
He opened the door to the wayfarer.
Peace be unto him !"

After this they started to their feet, and shrieked as loudly as they could, making a rattling noise in their throats, for three or four minutes. The widow kneeled, swaying her body backward and forward, and feebly joined in the wild cry.

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

II.—MALTA.

HARBOUR OF VALLETTA, MALTA.

In the great line of fortresses which guard the route to India, Malta is the second of Britain's keys of empire, and after Gibraltar the most important.

There is a difference of opinion among voyagers as to whether it is best to approach Malta by night or by day; whether there is a greater charm in tracing the outline of "England's Eye in the Mediterranean" by the long, undulating lines of light along its embattled front, and then, as the sun rises, to permit the details to unfold themselves, or to see the entire mass of buildings and sea walls and fortifications take shape according to the rapidity with which the ship nears the finest of all the British havens in the middle seas. Much might be said for both views, and if by "Malta" is meant its metropolis, then the visitor would miss a good deal who did not see the most picturesque portion of the island in both of these aspects.

Valletta is only one of the four fortified towns of this group of four small islands, over whose surface are scattered scores of villages. The entire coasts are circled by a ring of forts built wherever the

cliffs are not steep enough to serve as barriers against an invader.

If it be open to doubt whether night or day is the best time to make our first acquaintance with Malta, there can be none as to the season of the year when it may be most advantageously visited. If the tourist comes to Malta in spring, he will find the country bright with flowers, and green with fields of wheat and barley, and cumin and clover, of cotton, and even of sugar-cane, tobacco, and the fresh foliage of vineyards enclosed by hedges of prickly pears ready to burst into gorgeous blossom. Figs and pomegranates, peaches, pears, apricots, and medlars are in blossom, orange and lemon trees are gay with flowers of which the fragrance scents the evening air. But in autumn, the land has been burnt into barrenness by the summer sun and the scorching sirocco. The soil, thin, but amazingly fertile, looks white and parched as it basks in the hot sunshine ; and even the gardens, enclosed by high stone walls to shelter them from the torrid winds from Africa, or the wild " gregale " from the north, or the Levanter which sweeps damp and depressing towards the Straits of Gibraltar, fail to relieve the dusty, chalk-like aspect of the landscape. Hills there are, but they are mere hillocks to the scoffer from more Alpine regions. The highest elevation is but 750 feet above the sea, while it is seldom that the sea cliffs reach half that height. Most of the picturesqueness of Malta is due to the works of man, and all of its romance to the great names and mighty events with which its historic shores are associated.

In Valletta everything betokens the capital of a dependency which, if not itself wealthy, is held by a wealthy nation, and a fortress upon which money has been lavished by a succession of military masters without any regard to the commercial aspects of the outlay. Malta has never ceased to be primarily a place of arms, a strong-

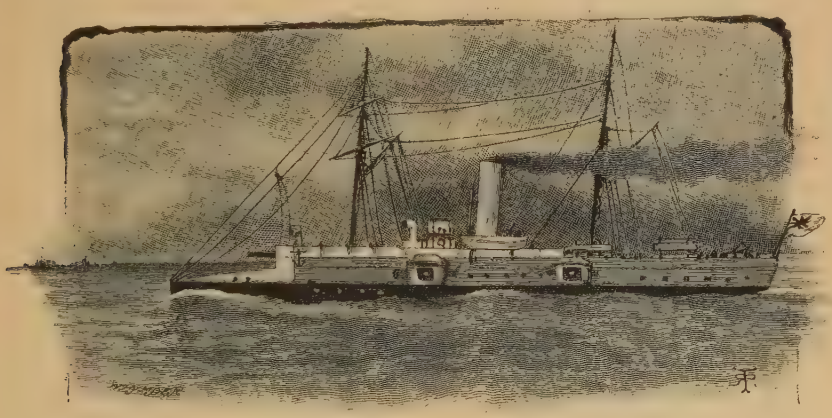
BRITISH IRONCLADS, MALTA.

hold to the defensive strength of which every other interest must give way.

Though the ninety-five square miles of Maltese islands are about the most densely peopled portions of the earth—the population is about 165,000—the soil is fertile, and the sources of employment, especially since the construction of the Suez Canal, so plentiful, that extreme penury is almost unknown, while the rural population seem in the happy mean of being neither rich nor poor.

The tourist who for the first time surveys Valletta from the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental liner as she anchors in the quarantine harbour, beholds a picturesque sight.

Scarcely is the vessel at rest before she is surrounded by a swarm of the peculiar high-prowed Maltese boats, the owners of which, standing while rowing, are clamorous to pull the passenger ashore ; for Malta, like its sister fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean, does not encourage wharves and piers, alongside of which large craft may anchor and troublesome crews swarm when they are not desired. Crowds of itinerant dealers, wily people with all the supple eagerness of the Oriental, and all the lack of conscience which is the convenient heritage of the trader of the middle



BRITISH GUNBOAT, "PROTECTOR."

sea, establish themselves on deck, ready to part with the laces, and filigrees, and corals, and shells, and apocryphal coins of the Knights of St. John, for any ransom not less than twice their value.

The entrance to either of the harbours enables one to obtain but a slight idea of the place. It seems all forts and flat-roofed buildings piled one above the other in unattractive terraces. There are guns everywhere, and, right and left, those strongholds which are the final purposes of cannon.

Ages of toil, millions of money, and the best talent of three centuries of engineers, have been lavished on the bewildering mass of curtains and horn-works, and ravelins and demilunes, and ditches and palisades, and drawbridges and bastions, and earthworks, which meet the eye in profusion enough to have delighted the soul of Uncle Toby. Sentinels and martial music are the most familiar of sights and sounds, and after soldiers and barracks, sailors and war-ships, the most frequent reminders that Malta, like Gibraltar, is a great military and naval station.

But it is also in possession of some civil rights unknown to the latter. Among these is a legislature with limited power and boundless chatter, and, what is of more importance to the visitor, the citizens can go in and out of Valletta at all hours of the day and night, no raised drawbridge or stolid portcullis barring their movements in times of peace. The stranger lands without being questioned as to his nationality, and the alien can circulate as freely as the lords of the soil. In Valletta many of the streets run steeply up a slope. One is made up of flights of steps, and none are level from end to end.

The first barrier to an invasion from the landward side is a deep ditch hewn through the solid rock, right across the peninsula, from the one harbour to the other. Soldiers in varied uniforms are marching backwards and forwards, to or from parade, or to keep watch on the ramparts, or are taking their pleasure afoot, or in the neat little covered "carrozzellas" or cabs of the country. Sailors from the war-ships in the grand harbour, and merchant seamen on

MALTESE FALDETTA.

a run ashore, swagger about the streets. Native women, with that curious "faldetta," or one-sided hood to their black cloaks which is as characteristic of Malta as the mantilla is of Spain, pass side by side with English ladies in the latest of London fashions. Flocks of goats, their huge udders almost touching the ground, are strolling about to be milked at the doors of customers. Maltese labourers, brown little men, barefooted, broad-shouldered, and muscular, in the almost national dress of a Glengarry cap, cotton trousers, and flannel shirt, with scarlet sash, coat over one arm, and little earrings, jostle the smart officers making for the Union Club, or the noisy "globe-trotter" just landed from the steamer which came to anchor an hour ago A few snaky-eyed Hindus in gaily embroidered caps invite you to inspect their stock of Oriental wares, but except for an Arab or two from Tunis, or a few hulking Turks from Tripoli, Valletta has little of that human picturesqueness imparted to Gibraltar by the motley swarms of Spaniards, and Sicilians, and negroes, and Moors, and English, who fill the streets all periods between morning gun-fire to the hour when the stranger is ousted from within the gates.

Malta being a most religiously Roman Catholic country, priests and robe-girded Carmelites are everywhere plentiful, and all day long the worshippers are entering or leaving the numerous churches amid the eternal jangling of their bells. At every turning the visitor is accosted by whining beggars whose pertinacity is only equalled by that of the boot-blacks and cab-men, who seem to fancy that the final purpose of man in Malta is to ride in carrozzellas with shining shoes.

The many palaces which the comfort-loving knights erected for their shelter, impart to Valletta the appearance of a "city built by gentlemen, for gentlemen." The Knights are, however, still the greatest personalities in Malta. We come upon them, their eight-pointed cross, and their works at every step. Their ghosts still walk the highways. The names of the Grand Masters are immortalized in the cities they founded and in the forts they reared.

Their portraits in the rude art of the Berlin lithographer hang on even the walls of the hotels. Their ecclesiastical side is in evidence by the churches which they reared, by the hagiological names which they gave to many of the streets, by the saintly figures which, in spite of three-fourths of a century of Protestant rulers, still stand at the corners, and by the necessity which we have only recently found to come to an understanding with the Pope as to the limits of the canon law in this most faithful portion of his spiritual dominions.

driven them from Rhodes, determined to make one supreme effort to dislodge the Order from their new home. The invading fleet consisted of 138 vessels, and an army of 33,000 men. These sea and land forces were soon afterwards increased by the arrival of 2,500 resolute old corsairs brought from Algiers, and by eighteen ships under the famous Dragut, the pirate chief of Tripoli, who, by the fortunes of war, was in a few years later fated to toil as a galley-slave in this very harbour.

The siege lasted for nearly four months. Every spot of ground

ARMOURY IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, VALLETTA.

On the other hand, the secular side of the Order is quite as prominent. The fortress of St. Elmo was a place round which the tide of battle often swirled, when Paynim and Christian fought for the mastery of the island. Of all these sieges the greatest is that of 1565. Twice previously, in 1546 and 1551, the Turks had endeavoured to expel the knights, but failed to effect a landing. But in the year mentioned the Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, the same Solyman who thirty-four years before had

was contested with heroic determination until it was evident that Fort St. Elmo could no longer hold out. Then the knights, worn and wounded, and reduced to a mere remnant of their number, steadfast as the immortal three hundred who fell at Thermopylae, received the "viaticum" — their last sacrament—in the little castle chapel, and embracing each other went forth on the ramparts to meet their doom. All day long that brave band stood facing an army till the last Christian knight was

slain by the swarming hordes of the Moslems. But the castle of San Angelo still held out. Don Mendoza, one of Grand Master La Vallette's most trusted lieutenants, implored him on his knees to remember the preciousness of his life to the dearest interests of Christendom. But in vain. "Can I end my life more gloriously at the age of seventy-one," exclaimed the gallant old knight, "than in the company of my friends and brethren, in the service of God, and for the defence of our holy faith?"

The Turks continued to press the siege. Day by day the numbers of the Christian garrison diminished. At length the Turks carried all the outworks, and levelled them to the ground, and, flushed with victory, were preparing for the investment of San Angelo, the citadel, when the long-expected relief made its appearance.

A goodly column of great ships streamed into the Bay of Melleha on September 7. No time was lost in landing the troops, who leaped eagerly ashore. The commonest soldier was filled with as much enthusiasm as the noblest knight in a cause which he felt to be that of Christendom. But they were allowed no opportunity of meeting the Moslem in battle, for as soon as the Turkish commander learned of the arrival of reinforcements, he abandoned the siege, and embarked in such haste that he left all his heavy guns behind him.

"We leave the reader," says Mr. Adams, "to imagine the wonder and reverence with which those deliverers gathered among ruined walls and shattered ramparts, and looked upon the worn and haggard knights, and the Grand Master himself, with hair and beards neglected, and in foul and tattered apparel, 'like men who for four months had scarcely ever undressed, and many still wearing the bandages that covered honourable wounds.'" Of the forty thousand Moslems who on the 18th of May sat down before the castle, not ten thousand re-embarked; whilst of the eight or nine thousand defenders, barely six hundred were able to join in the Te Deum of thanks for the successful termination of what was one of the greatest struggles in ancient or modern times.

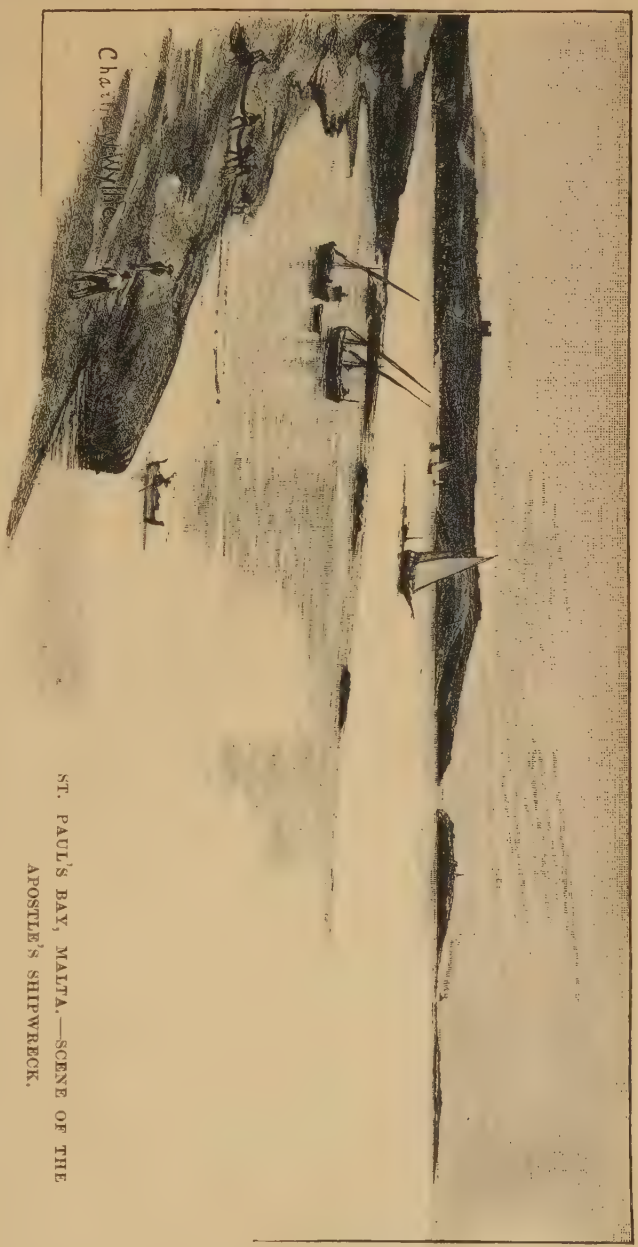
The ancient infirmary of the Knights Hospitallers, as an old writer tells us, was in former days "the very glory of Malta." Every patient had two beds for change, and a closet with lock and key to himself. No more than two people were put in one ward, and these were waited upon by the "serving brothers," their food being brought to them on silver dishes, and everything else ordered with corresponding magnificence.

Nowadays, though scarcely so sumptuous, the hospital is still a noble institution, one of the rooms, four hundred and eighty feet in length, being accounted the longest in Europe. The rock-hewn dungeons in which the knights kept their two thousand galley-slaves, in most cases Turks and Moors who had fallen in the way of their warships, still exist in the rear of the dockyard terrace. Such reminders of a cruel age and a stern Order are depressing to the wanderer in search of the picturesque.

The island was still in the hands of the Knights Hospitallers when, in 1798, the fleet which conveyed Napoleon and his army to the conquest of Egypt, dropped anchor in the bay, and landed several regiments to take possession of it in the name of the French Republic. No resistance was offered, for the degenerate successors of La Vallette and his knights had secretly disposed of their rights for a heavy bribe.

But the Government of Great

Britain was not disposed to acquiesce in an arrangement which threatened her supremacy in the Mediterranean and her communication with India. A powerful fleet was despatched to drive the French out of their coveted stronghold. As its fortifications were of immense strength, the British commanders refrained from expending the blood of their soldiers in hopeless attempts to carry them by assault, and resolved to reduce the garrison by blockade. The fortifications were therefore closely invested; and after a siege of upwards of two years' duration, by sea and land, the French hauled down their flag. Thus this grand fortress, enclosing the finest harbour in the world within its impregnable walls, and once honoured as the bulwark of Christendom against Islam, was permanently annexed to the British Empire.



ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA.—SCENE OF THE APOSTLE'S SHIPWRECK.

Within the last twenty years important additions have been made to the fortifications at Malta. New docks and magazines have been constructed. The works have been mounted with guns of the heaviest calibre; vast stores of material have been accumulated. Here is a graving dock capable of receiving the largest man-of-war. There

is also a hydraulic lift dock by which full-laden steamships may be repaired without discharging their cargo. Malta is the headquarters of Great Britain's Mediterranean fleet. Here may be seen at all times some of the finest specimens of her ironclads and gunboats—those huge sea-krakens which have been well described as "Britain's long arm," by which she may make her power felt to the end of the earth—a power we trust ever to be used as a sort of moral police, maintaining law and order and righteousness throughout the world.

Before the knights, whose three centuries of iron rule have a singular fascination for the Maltese, there is a name very often in many mouths, and that is "San Paolo." Saint Paul is in truth the great man of Malta, and the people made very much of him. Churches and streets and cathedrals are dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and from the summit of the Sanatorium a barefooted Maltese points "the certain creek with a shore" in which he was wrecked, the island of Salmun, on which there is a statue of him, and the church erected in his honour.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY W. EVANS DARBY, LL.D.

"The acceptable year of the Lord."

O year of God, that prophet eyes foresaw,
Paling earth's glories with its milder sheen,
Whose pulsing tides obey His spirit's law,
Whose nearing is by heavenly watchers seen;
Come quickly, and this weary world restore
With love's blest reign of peace for evermore!

Too long have greed and guile the nations cursed,
Debasing nature from its primal aim;
Too long have men their brutal instincts nursed,
Till cruelty has felt no touch of shame,
And selfishness grew strong beyond control,
"And froze the genial current of the soul."

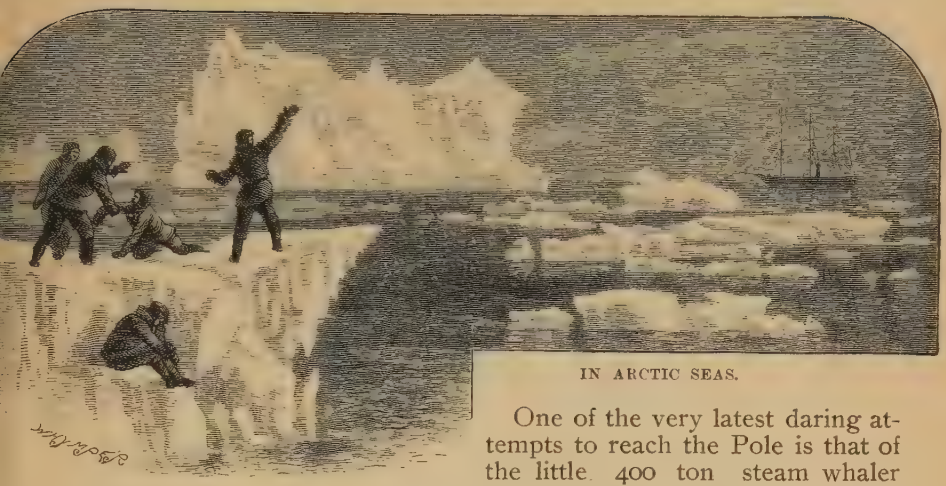
The years of man have been the years of Cain,
Long years of hatred and unbrotherhood,
The race pursued by fratricidal pain,
Till God's new time shall bring the promised good,
And from the past a grander epoch rise,
Whose joy shall spring from mutual sacrifice.

The years of men have been the years of sin,
Moulded by human passions from their birth,
O year of God, with newer life begin,
And shed thy bounties o'er this hate-cursed earth!
May slavery, war and kindred evils flee,
And a new manhood all thy glories see!

New Year of hope and blessing for mankind,
Come with good tidings of a glorious spring!
Freedom for slaves whom social hatreds bind,
And joy for broken-hearted mourners bring,
So shall thy dawn be sung by souls forlorn,
And all earth's joy-bells greet thy natal morn.

—*Union Signal.*

RECENT ARCTIC EXPLORATION.*



IN ARCTIC SEAS.

There is a strange fascination about Arctic exploration. Age after age dauntless mariners have gone forth

"To brave the perils of the wintry sea,
To beard the Ice-King in his frozen lair,
To pluck their ghastly secret from the wilds,
Where broods Eternal Solitude around
The boreal pole—to solve the mystery which
So long had kept the world in awe."

Baffled again and again they yet return to the quest with unabated zeal. For three centuries and more, Arctic discovery has been a national passion of the maritime countries of the world. The exploration of the polar regions furnishes material for one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the human race. The brave but ineffectual efforts which, from time to time, have been made to reach the Pole have furnished examples of patience, self-sacrifice, and heroic endurance which have scarcely been surpassed in any other field of human endeavour.

One of the very latest daring attempts to reach the Pole is that of the little 400 ton steam whaler Windward, which recently arrived in the Thames from Franz Josef Land. Her cruise is one of the most interesting of all the long series of Arctic voyages which have been undertaken in the comparatively unknown sea beyond Spitzbergen. Leith, Smith, and Payer attacked the North Pole by that route, and the Eira, Mr. Smith's ship, met her fate near the place where Mr. Jackson and his companions, in the Windward, established themselves in winter quarters last year.

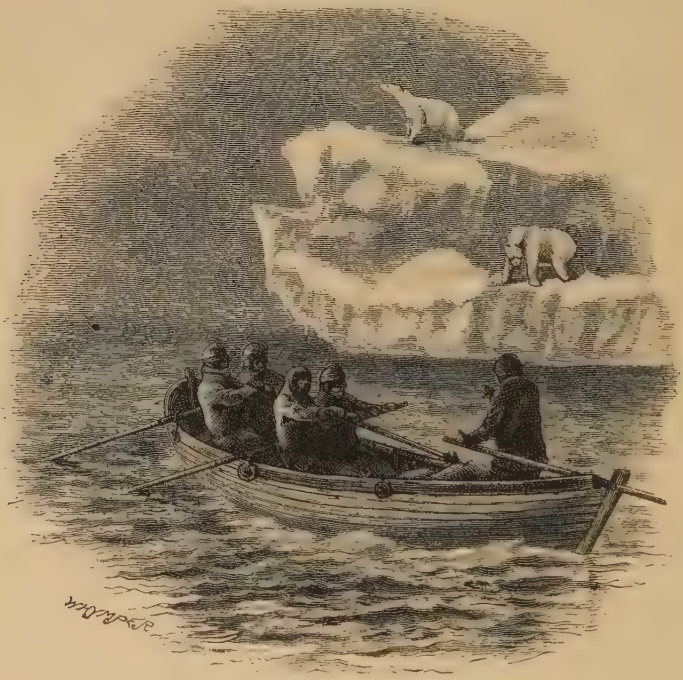
The Windward is a staunch little craft. She was built at Peterhead in 1860 for the whale fishery. Not a timber or spar of her but is the result of the experience gained by the famous north-country whalers in their perilous trade. Handy in size, sturdy in build, barque-rigged, and with slow but sure engine-power, the Windward is (with her newly fortified bows) an admirable Arctic ship. She proved herself so in her recent memorable struggle with the ice barrier which barred her homeward course. For

*Compiled by the Editor from Reports of the Geographical Society and other recent authorities.

sixty-five days she did battle with the floes, and, her coal having run short, she had to sacrifice her topmasts, her 'tween decks, fore and aft, her bridge, every available bulkhead and the midship portion of her bulwarks to feed her own engines! But for this self-immolation the Windward would never have got through. As her skipper remarked, when questioned on the subject, "Her crew would not have been here alive."

had to be abandoned. Even before she could start on her homeward voyage in the following spring the Windward came near sharing the fate of the Eira. We have Mr. Jackson's own narrative of the incident:

"It blew hard from March 31 to April 4, with dense driving snow. No one had the smallest suspicion that the ice would break up. But suddenly, without a moment's warning, the ice round the ship



THE HOME OF THE POLAR BEAR.

Neither ship nor crew were prepared for a second winter in the north. It was intended, when she sailed from the Thames in July of last year, that the ship should return before the winter set in, after having landed the exploring party on Franz Josef Land. But the best-laid plans are liable to be upset when polar ice has to be reckoned with. The Windward was fast frozen in off Cape Flora, and all idea of returning that season

cracked up, carrying off a whaleboat which lay on the port side, and leaving the ship from stem to stern as far as the foremast exposed. On the starboard side, however, she was still frozen into the land floe, which was held firm by grounded bergs on her port bow. The gale was blowing furiously, and the driving snow was simply blinding, and as the temperature was far down below zero, frostbites were the order of the

hour. Down came the threatening floes, moving with great rapidity towards us. But as I had managed to swing the ship round, the sharp tongue of the ice first shot past her bows and struck the land floes beyond with a terrific crash."

This peril being averted, and the Windward at last free, the hour of parting arrived. Mr. Jackson and three others of the exploring party gathered at the flagstaff beneath the tattered Union Jack to say good-bye. The Windward had been lying with her head pointing north. She got under way, turned, and headed south on July 3. Just then, when her course was laid for home, the crew and the little band of devoted men left on that desolate shore (their gallant leader among them), exchanged hearty cheers.

ARCTIC SPORT.

Little did the leader ashore, little did the skipper afloat, imagine that another great peril awaited the ship before she could make her way to the open sea in the south; that across her course there stretched an ice barrier which it would take two months to get through, and then only by burning the very ship beneath the feet of those on board her! But it was done. Steam and gunpowder and saw, backed with ready wit and stern determination, did it. The weather-beaten, mutilated little ex-whaler made port at last, and put into St. Katharine's dock, London, on the afternoon of October 22, 1895.

Next June, her dilapidations made good, the Windward will start again for Mr. Jackson's winter quarters at Cape Flora. Let us hope that the Union Jack (or what remains of it) will still be waving, and that there may be seen beneath it, when the skipper of the Windward again makes it out from the deck, the full number of the exploring party, having in their possession the record: "Highest northern latitude ever attained."

"Jackson," says Sir John Schultz, in an interview reported in the Winnipeg Free Press, "has provided himself with light aluminium sledges and boats, and hoped with these to reach the North Pole and return to his headquarters at Franz Josef Land, which is the furthest north of known islands, if island, indeed, it is, for he has a hope that he may find it to be only the most southern cape of a polar continent. He hoped to reach a point on Franz Josef Land, where he will establish his main depot and advance northward over land or sea, as he may find it to be, establishing stations at intervals and leaving "caches" of provisions and other necessaries to facilitate his return journey.

"Jackson's success or otherwise will depend primarily, I think, on whether he finds Franz Josef Land to be an island, or like some lands which lie without the Antarctic Circle, merely a spur of a polar continent. In the last case his chances are far better, as with proper men and suitable appliances he might, in the leisurely way he proposes to travel, carry far into the north and on solid ground his progressive fifty miles apart "caches" or relief stations before he makes his final sledge journey to the Pole.

MRS. PEARY.

"Should he, however, as seems more probable, find that it is not part of a polar continent, and that Nansen is right in supposing a polar current, he runs the risk of being cut off from his base of supplies, and must depend upon that unknown quantity in Arctic research, his aluminium and light copper boats, and it is in the employment of these his danger I think lies. He can only hope in the latitude he hopes to reach to be able to travel with dogs for a short season beginning when the increasing power of the sun renders a portion of the day warm enough to unbend the frozen dog-harness and rouse the stiffened dogs and continuing till this becomes more and more difficult, and it is at the beginning or the ending of this season when the ice yields and yaws and opens that boats would have to be used. It is then I think that the metal boat, chilled by cold, is likely to fail. With the conditions likely to be present, the thin metal will break with the slightest blow, and, unlike the wooden boat, will not yield and rebound, nor can it like that boat be easily and quickly repaired; so that while I admit the advantages of their lighter weight to be great, they will, I believe, fail the explorers in their direst need."

Lieutenant Peary's Greenland expedition was attended by some romantic incidents not before connected with Arctic exploration. He was accompanied by his wife, a young and accomplished lady, to whom he had only recently been married. Mrs. Peary had resolved to share the hardships and dangers of the undertaking with her husband, and she now enjoys the honour of being the first lady who has taken part in a polar expedition, if not the first white woman who has set eyes on the Arctic latitudes in which her husband established his base of operations.

At the very outset, however, the leader of the expedition met with a serious accident. While standing at the back of the wheelhouse of the good ship Kite, a large cake of ice struck the vessel with great force, whirled over the iron tiller, breaking the bones of Mr. Peary's leg. This accident threatened to bring operations to an abrupt close, but Lieutenant Peary resolved to persevere, and, as soon as a tent was erected, he was carried on shore and laid on a bed, whence he directed the work.

The first care of the party was to erect a wooden house for winter quarters. This was soon completed, and was inclosed by a stone and turf wall to protect it against the wind and frost. As soon as Mr. Peary was able to walk about on crutches, a boat party was sent to Northumberland Islands to visit the natives.

On May 3rd, Lieutenant Peary took leave of his devoted and heroic wife, whom he left in care of a small but faithful body-guard, and with his little band started for his long journey northward. During their traverse of nearly three months over this most inhospitable region of the earth, no mishap of any kind occurred to them. With pemmican, pea-soup, beans, and biscuits as their sole provisions, and with no tent to harbour them from the wind, they knew not an hour of illness or even dullness. Most of the journey was made over an unbroken expanse of ice and snow, which, rising in gentle sweeps and undulations, attained an elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 feet.

THE BARKENTINE WHALER "KITE," WHICH CARRIED THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

"Lieutenant Peary's long sledge journey and the return were accomplished almost on the schedule time planned by him before he set out. His expedition proved that the north-west and north-east coast of Greenland come to a point not far from the spot he reached; it demonstrated the existence in central Greenland of a vast ice-cap crowning its mountains and filling its valleys; it yielded a peerless collection of specimens of Arctic flora and fauna and a rich accumulation of ethnological notes, and he was enabled to illustrate it by securing over two thousand successful photographs, many of which are of the highest ethnological value."

Lieut. Peary's subsequent expedition of 1894-95 was, however, an utter failure. He and his party suffered incredible hardships. Many of their "caches" of provisions had been destroyed or lost. Their dogs nearly all perished. The invalided men had to be dragged by their companions, themselves weakened from lack of food, over weary miles of rugged ice. The gallant explorers can at least have the consolation of saying:

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we've done more; we have deserved it."

"Any project of Arctic exploration," continues Sir John Schultz, "will be watched with careful interest by all who care to follow the men who so fearlessly trust themselves to the dangers of Arctic navigation and Arctic journeys, braving the relentless storm, the driving sleet, the bitter cold, the

fog and mist, to solve a problem which can be of no possible use if attained, and while we admire the courage of these strong northern races which produce such men as Peary, Nansen and Jackson and the others, it always seems to me that they are tempting Providence when they venture upon such a bootless quest into these dread regions which Henry Kirke White describes as follows :

' Where the North Pole in moody solitude
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around
. . . . . Where never sound
Startled dull Silence's ear save when profound
The smoke-frost muttered : there drear Cold for ages
Throned him ; and fixed on his primeval mound
Ruin, the giant sits ; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

' In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remains of life encheers the sight
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble. Mingling day and night,
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours light)
Are there unknown ; while in the Summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long, bleak night of half the year to rise.' "

A FRAGMENT.

The stars of the old year shone last night,
And bright were the beams they cast,
But my spirit likened each burning ray,
To the torch-light of the Past ;
For methought that many a heart would chill,
To gaze on that glowing sphere,
Should Memory's chords that evening thrill,
To the dreams of the olden year !

To the garlands hung over Hope's gay shrine,
When the hours of that year were new,
And we looked not for frost in the summer prime,
In the place of the early dew ;
Oh ! the stars should shine with a pale, pale light,
When joy has been thus o'erthrown ;
And the mourner weeps in the silent night,
For his beautiful—alone !

The stars of the old year shone last night ;
They were linked with thoughts of pain,—
Like music we've heard in some happier hour,
But would never list again,
Like flowers the hand of Love hath plucked,
That when parted we dread to see ;
Precious yet twined with all mournful thoughts,
Were their dying beams to me !

The stars of the new year shine to-night,
There is hope in their faintest gleams,
They come to my heart, with their spells of light,
As linked with its angel dreams !
Sweet voices have broke on the weary day,
I turn from the heavy Past ;
While the stars of the new year softly say,
Wearied one, rest at last !

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

The intimate relation which the education of children sustains to their future character as citizens invests the instruction they receive during their school life with more than ordinary interest and importance. School life is a miniature forecast of the larger life of manhood and womanhood. Its difficulties, tests of character, and elements of success, are substantially the same as those of mature years. As the drill of a soldier, that does not fit him for actual warfare, would be pronounced a wrong method, so if the education which children receive at school is not adapted to make them good citizens, it fails in its main purpose.

In formulating an educational scheme, we must have due regard to the actual condition of things in the country for which it is intended. A system that might answer for a mission school, or for a country where all the people were of one religious faith, would not be practicable in a country like ours, where there are different Christian Churches possessing equal rights. There are only three possible systems. One that provides for denominational schools, or one that provides for united moral and secular teaching, or purely secular schools. I regard the united education of the children of the people as a most desirable thing, that cannot be lightly given up. There are two strong objections to any educational system which divides the people on Church lines. Such a division of the children of the people into denominational sections, by dividing up the resources available for school purposes in the different districts, would greatly weaken the schools and lessen their efficiency. An equally serious objection is, that such a system tends directly to create sectarian lines of separation, inimical to patriotic unity in political and municipal affairs. Those who are unitedly to carry on the affairs of the country in the future should be educated together. But theological teaching in the schools, no matter under whatever pretext it is introduced, tends directly to prevent this desirable unity of all denominations in the public schools of the country.

It will be generally admitted that any education which does not embrace moral and religious culture is radically defective. We may differ as to the agency by which such culture is to be given, but there can be no difference as to its vital importance. Intellectual acuteness and intelligence alone are not a sufficient equipment for the duties of life. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an article in The Century Magazine, remarks that, " if it is the primary right and duty of the State to give whatever education is necessary for good citizenship, it is self-evident that it is its primary right and duty to give education in moral principles, and training to the moral impulses and the will." He further says : " The men who are to determine what are the rights and duties of the State in dealing with other States, what are the rights and duties of the individual citizens in dealing with one another, what is the nature, penalty and cure of crime, and what is the moral quality of the corporate and co-operative acts of the community, are to determine moral questions, and must be educated to perceive moral distinctions, and to see that moral considerations always

outweigh considerations of mere expediency or apparent self-interest. Nor is it possible to give such moral instruction and training without involving something of the religious spirit, if not of religious education."

With these sentiments, I confess I am in substantial agreement. I believe that moral and religious training is as essential to qualify for useful citizenship as the acquisition of knowledge and the development of the intellectual faculties. I would, therefore, approve of such moral and religious training in the public schools as may be given, without coming into collision with the religious convictions of the parents who make up the constituency of the schools. While there is so much ethical and religious truth held in common by all Christians, I cannot see why it should be impossible to unite in a practical recognition of those common religious principles that bear on character and conduct.

But this general inculcation of religious duty should be carried out more by the spirit and conduct of the teacher, and the way in which discipline is administered, than by formal didactic instruction. The public schools of Ontario and Manitoba are probably as near what public schools ought to be as is practicable in the present condition of things. Lessons on moral conduct might be added with advantage. I do not agree with those who think the reading of a portion of Scripture and the offering of prayer are too small a thing to be worth contending for. There is in this simple exercise a recognition of the divine authority, which is adapted to make an enduring impression on the minds of children.

Though I hold strong views as to the importance of religious education, I have no sympathy with a good deal that is said in favour of religious teaching in the public schools. It is frequently assumed, that if the children are not taught theology in the school, they will be left to grow up irreligious and immoral. This notion throws discredit upon the work and influence of the Christian Churches. The public services of the churches, the teaching in Sunday-schools, the abundant supply of religious literature, and the influence of Christian home life should not be thrust out of sight as if they were of no account, in order to magnify the importance of doctrinal teaching in the school. As a matter of fact, if you take the godly men and women of any church, and inquire by what human agency they were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, you will find that only an infinitesimally small proportion of them would ascribe their religious character to instruction received in school. Neither is there any satisfactory evidence that the children educated in church schools present a higher type of moral character than those educated in national schools. Many facts support a contrary conclusion.

The teaching of church creeds in Government schools involves the principle of the union of Church and State—that is, of the State choosing a religion for the people, and applying public money to pay for teaching such religion. This is something which the Protestants of this country will not approve, except, as in the case of this Province, a formal agreement renders it obligatory to make a special concession.

The loudest demand for religious teaching in the schools is generally made by those who desire to have the peculiar doctrines of their creed taught, rather than sound Christian morals. The demand is almost always sectarian rather than religious. This is seen in the case of the Roman Catholics. While they condemn unsectarian public

schools as irreligious and immoral, the most thorough biblical and moral instruction in the schools would not satisfy them, unless the dogmas of their Church are taught, under the direction of their clergy.

The same thing is seen in the zeal for doctrinal teaching shown by the High Church party in England. Under the plea of zeal for religion, they are now pressing the present Government to reward their Church, for the help given in the recent election, by a large grant for Church schools. The London Speaker, in a recent issue, says :

"It is in the name of religion that they make this outrageous demand, and they try to bolster up their cause by appealing to the natural feeling of their fellow-countrymen in favour of the training of our children in the faith of their fathers. We are willing to admit that they are perfectly sincere in thus confounding the cause of religion with the cause of a particular denomination. That is the common error of all sectarians. But it is obvious that this country many years ago decided formally that the funds of the State should not be employed in teaching the dogmas of any particular Church, and that we should violate this great Constitutional principle, established in the first instance by the Liberal party and long since accepted by the Tory party, if we were now to yield to the clerical demands. Furthermore, it has been made abundantly clear that if once we agree to permit dogmatic teaching at the public expense, we cannot draw any line that will effectually limit the dogmas taught. We shall have to pay for teaching doctrines which are most directly opposed to each other, and which are not only repudiated but detested by those who are forced to contribute to the cost of spreading them."

It is extraordinary that at a time when the claims of Church schools in England are calling forth the strongest protests from Nonconformists and causing extensive strife and irritation, any Canadian should point to the sectarian schools of England as something that should help to reconcile us to Separate schools for Manitoba. England has many undesirable things, like the crooked streets in her quaint old towns, that have grown so and cannot well be changed now. But it would be folly for us, who are free to build as we deem best, to copy what must be regarded as blemishes and hindrances to progress, rather than laudable things worthy of imitation.

I am aware that it may be said that even the moderate and liberal degree of moral training which I have indicated, may be the occasion of conscientious objections to some parents. Well, in all such cases the school authorities must decide whether the complaint is just and reasonable or not. If any parent objects that what is taught to his children is untrue or wrong, his objection should receive due attention, whether his judgment be deemed right or not. No child should be subjected to any religious instruction to which its parents object. But an objection to a school, because the doctrines of any Church are not taught in it, does not deserve the same consideration. If any unbeliever objects to his children receiving any Christian teaching, his wish should be duly regarded. But such a one has no right to demand that the order of the school, or the law that enjoins it, should be framed according to his particular belief. The conscience of the minority should be duly protected against any violation or infringement ; but no minority of the people have any right to demand that their views,

and not those of the majority, should be embodied in the public policy of the country.

It may possibly be said, that the religious and moral lessons or exercises, which I have approved, are open to the objection of involving the principle of the union of Church and State. I do not think so. We should not make a bogey of State Churchism, in a way that would require Governments to shut out of consideration all moral distinctions. The chief objection to a State Church is the unjust bestowment of favours on those who hold one form of religious belief and worship. In a country where an overwhelming majority of the people profess the Christian faith, I do not think a recognition of those principles and moral precepts of Christianity that are held in common by all Churches can be justly regarded as State Churchism. So long as there is no selection of a sectarian religion for the people by the State —no application of public money for the teaching of the doctrines of a church creed—no interference with liberty of conscience—and no favour shown to any section of the people, because of their religious belief, there is no good ground to complain of State Churchism.

I am utterly opposed to a State Church. Yet I do not admit that opposition to State Churchism makes it the duty of a government or parliament, which represents a Christian community, to make no distinction between the principles of Christian morals and the views of atheists, pagans and agnostics.

But I am free to confess that if such united religious teaching as seems to me desirable and proper should prove impracticable, I would rather give up all formal religious teaching in our public schools, than to accept a system of denominational schools ; because I believe this would be a greater evil than the absence of direct religious teaching in the schools. I would, however, remind Christian people who volunteer to secularize our public schools, that they probably do not see how far this may carry them. The principles of Christian faith and morals are woven into our history and literature. The demand for secularizing the schools may mean a good deal more than omitting the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Secularization may be interpreted to mean the exclusion of historic facts and essential ethical teaching from our school books, on the ground that they are Christian, and therefore sectarian. Besides, nothing is gained by secularizing the schools, so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned. Secular schools are just as objectionable to them as the so-called "Protestant Schools" of Ontario and Manitoba. What they demand is "Separate Schools," in which their religion will be taught to their children.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Though 'tis not the time of roses, and the weary land reposes
Underneath no golden glory and no shade of fronded palm ;
Tho' the earth has lost her brightness, save for robes of snowy whiteness,
And the wild winds whistle coldly in the place of summer calm ;
Yet a power divine attending, and a love supreme befriending,
Fill the heart with sunlit gladness and with summer all the time ;
There's no lack of light and beauty on the path of faith and duty,
For a life to God devoted is forever in its prime.
So we cross the mystic portal, for a hand benign, immortal,
Takes our own and leads us onward to the unknown nights and days ;
And an eye that never sleepeth loving vigil o'er us keepeth,
As we tread the New Year's pathway with the song of trust and praise.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY THE REV. THOS. SIMS, D.D.

The closing years of the twelfth century saw the Pope of Rome the supreme arbiter of the world. The kings and armies of Europe were at his beck and nod. England, France, Germany and Italy poured out thousands of lives and millions of money at his call in the stupendous folly of the crusades. Papal collectors and bankers were busy in every land gathering in tithes and contributions from priests and people for the enrichment of Rome's exchequer. Ecclesiastics vied with the great barons in maintaining a state of luxurious pomp and pride. In Italy, the duty of preaching was vested exclusively in the bishops, and they were so busy with war, politics, and the management of their great estates that the people, for the most part, went unfed. Battles and sieges were everywhere. Revelry and licentiousness abounded. The masses of the people were ignorant, superstitious, almost heathenish, yet subject to great waves of religious excitement which swept provinces from end to end and frequently assumed very grotesque forms.

Feudalism was in its prime and held the lower orders of society in the grip of a tyranny so complete as to prescribe the dress each might wear, the manner in which he might carry on his trade, the dimensions of his home, the number of trees he might plant and the details of his funeral. The god of the age was the great trinity of worldly power, worldly pomp, and worldly pleasure, while the faith of the lowly Nazarene was as much despised by hierarch and noble as when the Pharisees and Herodians delivered Him up to the Gentiles to mock and scourge and crucify Him.

But the religious instincts of man can never be wholly suppressed, and we find mingling with this towering worldliness numberless wild growths of heresy and fanaticism. Sabatier, falling back on the Hebrew terms used in the book of Genesis to describe the original chaos, says, "The thirteenth century was a tohu-bohu of mysticism and folly. Every sort of excess followed in rapid succession. Without the slightest pause of transition, men passed through the most contradictory systems of belief." These systems were the products, for the most part, of the inferior clergy and the common people. The blows which actually threatened the Church of the Middle Ages were struck by obscure labouring men, by the poor and the oppressed, who in their wretchedness and degradation felt that she had failed in her mission.

In the midst of all this there were saintly souls who hoped and prayed for better things. "Cry with a loud voice," was the direction given to St. Elizabeth of Schonau, "Cry to all nations: Woe! for the whole world has become darkness. The Lord's vine has withered, there is no one to tend it. The Lord has sent labourers, but they have all been found idle. The head of the Church is ill and her members are dead. Shepherds of my Church, you are sleeping, but I shall awaken you! Kings of the earth, the cry of your iniquity has risen even to me."

Into this state of society there came a poor man who went about doing good, preaching the Gospel

to the poor, teaching men to love God and serve one another, and accomplishing more for the cause of religion and humanity than any other influence of the Middle Ages. It was Francis Bernardone, better known by the title of Saint Francis of Assisi.

During the year 1894 two elaborate biographies of this saint were given to the world, royal octavo volumes of 500 pages each. The first to appear is written by Paul Sabatier, of Strasbourg, a book richly eloquent, broadly philosophic and intelligently reverent. An ideal Protestant biography. The second is by the Abbe Leon Le Monnier, of Paris. It is dedicated to the Pope, and has received his formal benediction. It is chaste in style, reverent in spirit, traditional in method. It is a work of faith rather than of philosophy. An ideal Roman Catholic biography of a saint who belongs to the Church universal.

Yet the two biographies, both of them masterly, and written from different standpoints, are in fundamental agreement. Le Monnier presents more wonders for our acceptance, Sabatier seeks a more rational explanation of the wonders he admits. Le Monnier exalts the Church as having power to produce such saints. Sabatier exalts the universal grace which goes on producing saintliness of character in spite of the Church's gross unfaithfulness. Both admit the fact of the Stigmata. Le Monnier ascribes them to miracle, Sabatier is at a loss how to account for them. But the man Francis, the good confession he made, the noble life he lived, the great service he rendered, the profound and wide-reaching influence he exerted, stands out on the pages of both as one of the holiest and noblest souls of the Nineteen Christian Centuries.

Let us proceed to make the acquaintance of the man.

Francis was born at Assisi, a town on the slopes of the Apennines, in Central Italy, in the year 1182. His father was a merchant, whose trade took him to and fro between Italy and France at frequent intervals, and in which he accumulated a large fortune. From one of these trips he returned with a French bride, and when their first child was born he was named, in honour of his mother's native land, Francis.

It was planned that the son should tread in the steps of his enterprising father. He was trained for the market-place from the first, though he received some tuition in letters, and in the doctrines of the Church at a neighbouring church school. As he grew older he became what would to-day be considered decidedly wild. His more orthodox biographers are disposed to gloss over the follies of the great saint's youth, but it remains a fact, quite patent to the thoughtful reader, that Francis in his early twenties was passionately addicted to pleasure and drank deep of its dissipations.

Being of a very gay and generous disposition, and abundantly supplied with money, he was naturally a leader among the gilded youth of the period, providing entertainments for them that were both lavish and frequent. If his father had not been making money rapidly the expenditure of young Francis would surely have run him into bankruptcy, for he kept up the style of a prince, and squandered gold with both hands. In business, however, he was so bright and successful a salesman as to suggest the question whether his spendthrift ways were not a piece of business enterprise, a kind of genteel advertising which paid well. At any rate his father saw in

him a successor in business to be proud of, denied him no pleasure that he chose to set his heart upon, though he sometimes feared whereto the thing would grow. It was soon to grow in a way ambitious Pietro little dreamed of.

Just as Francis was approaching his twenty-fifth year he was visited by a severe illness of long continuance. The fires of pain played about him with vehement heat. When he recovered he was greatly changed. His taste for the old manner of life was gone. For a few months he was attracted to the career of a soldier and resolved to devote himself to a life of chivalry. He joined the army of Walter of Brienne, the champion of the Pope, but sickness intervened again and he was compelled to return home.

The Spirit of God was now working on his heart very mightily. Among other impressive experiences he was the subject of a vision in which he seemed to stand in a richly decorated room filled with weapons. On the walls were many shields, each adorned with the sign of the cross. Before him was a "lady of dazzling beauty, attired as a bride." In his ear a voice spake, "These are for thee and for thy knights." The meaning of the vision was not immediately made clear to him, but he learned later to interpret it as a call to spiritual service. The soul-enrapturing bride was Poverty, whom he accepted as his own.

After his return to Assisi his manner of life was much graver than formerly, though he did not entirely discard his old pleasures. It was not long before his companions made a feast in his honour, over which he presided. Eating and drinking over, the party serenaded the town. Some of them were drunk. All were hilarious. Francis was troubled. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the street, abstracted from all his surroundings. His companions rallied him, but he was speechless and motionless. At length one of them cried, "Ah, I know what is the matter. He is in love. He is thinking of a bride." "Yes," said Francis, "thou art right. I am thinking of a bride, but a nobler and more beautiful bride than thou hast wit to imagine." He was thinking of that vision of Poverty he had seen at Spoleta, and the life of self-denial to which the voice of the Spirit seemed incessantly to be calling him.

But it is one thing to perceive the beauty of a life of holy self-denying service and another thing to choose it. Francis was compelled to wrestle agonizingly before he obtained the full consent of his own will to make the great surrender. He sought frequent retirement. One favourite place of resort was a cave in the neighbouring hills where he often wrestled in prayer and self-conflict until he was on the verge of physical exhaustion. One day as he rode along he encountered a leper who reached out his hand for alms. Lepers seem to have been as common in Italy during the Middle Ages as they were in Palestine in the days of our Lord. Francis had an unspeakable repugnance to them. That natural aversion asserted itself now and his impulse was to turn back, when suddenly he checked himself. He had been praying for self-conquest and here was a call to crucify self. He alighted from his horse, kissed the outstretched hand, filled it with money and went his way.

In after years he was wont to refer to that act as a decisive one in his spiritual experience. He accounted it the point of his conversion. There was an element of fanaticism in it no doubt, but it satisfied the pleading in his conscience for unreserved submission of himself and all his prejudices to

God and duty. It was to him what going forward to the penitent bench has been to many Methodists, what immersion has been to many Baptists, what taking the tambourine and marching in the street has been to many a Salvation Army lass ;—it was the act in which he laid down his last lingering prejudice, satisfied absolutely the claim of his own conscience and entered into peace with God. Beyond that, other experiences awaited him through which he passed into a sublime faith in the crucified Christ as "the Son of God who loved him and gave Himself for him." Out of his faith joy sprang, and the worldly gaiety of his early days was transformed into an abiding "joy in the Holy Ghost," in which was strikingly fulfilled that lofty promise of the Saviour, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Just below Assisi there was a little church, known as St. Damian's, which was falling into ruinous decay. While praying here Francis had a vision of the Saviour in his Passion, so vivid and absorbing that it moved his whole being, sent him weeping and crying out along the public highway, and so impressed his heart that he could never after think of the Passion without an inclination to burst into sobs and tears.

This ruined church he felt himself called to put in repair. In pursuit of his purpose he selected a quantity of rich stuffs from his father's warehouse, loaded them on a horse, rode to a fair in a distant city and there disposed of both goods and horse. Returning to St. Damian's he offered the money received from the sale to the priest of the church, and begged permission to stay with him and rebuild the edifice. More careful than the convert, the priest refused to accept the gift until it should be approved by the young man's father. Francis on his side declined to carry the purse any further and between them it was thrown on the dusty window ledge. There for the time it was allowed to stay, while Francis domiciled himself with the poor and humble priest.

To give up his promising son to the Church, and especially in the capacity of a menial, was a surrender Pietro Bernardone would not voluntarily make. Pica, the little mother, Francis soon won to his own views, but the father was obdurate. When persuasion failed he tried force upon his son and kept him for weeks bound and imprisoned. Released by his mother, Francis only returned to the little church where his duty seemed to lie.

The contest ended in a scene which has kindled the imagination and fired the devotion of thousands. Francis was arraigned before the bishop. His father pressed for judgment. The decision was given that being of mature age Francis was entitled to choose his own manner of life, but the property he possessed should be restored to his father. The young convert's resolution was taken instantly. The fat purse from the window ledge of St. Damian's had been given up already. He now retired for a moment, to return again naked, carrying his clothes and purse in his hands. Laying everything at his father's feet, in the presence of the court, he cried,

"Hear me and understand, up to this date I have called Pietro Bernardone father, henceforth I will say in all truth, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' in whom I have put my hopes and my treasure."

"There was," says his biographer, "a moment of astonished silence. The bystanders were moved to tears. The bishop drew the naked young man to his breast

and folded him in his mantle. His father, resolved to carry matters to extremities, took up the clothes and purse and went away." He never spoke to his son again except as he met him on the street and cursed him.

Francis was now free to follow his vocation. Twenty-five years of age, absolutely surrendered to God, filled with the joy of a triumphant faith, standing just over the threshold of the thirteenth century, his keen vision perceived the sickness and need of his generation as clearly as the backward glancing historian perceives it to-day. It was dying of avarice, pride, selfishness and ignorance of God. The disease was desperate and demanded an heroic remedy. To use the world as not abusing it appeared to him an inadequate corrective. Nothing would suffice to effect a cure but absolute renunciation of the world. There rang in his ears Christ's precept to the Twelve, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."

That this command was of temporary duration and intended for local application he probably did not know. Had he known, he might still have replied that the circumstances of his time rendered it obligatory again. What is important here, however, is that he set himself to literally fulfil it. He gave himself up with passionate devotion to be the spouse of Poverty, and in that capacity to preach the love of God to men. Money he absolutely refused to touch. He selected as his garb the dark grey tunic, which was the common dress of the poor peasants of the Apennines. Bare-footed and girded with cord, he earned his bread by common toil or, more frequently, begged it from door to door. Naturally dainty, the repulsive scraps he received in alms were at first nauseating to him. Nor was the coarse robe in which he shivered any more comforting to his sensitive spirit. Every item of his poor man's programme cost him pangs of self-crucifixion, for Francis was of that aesthetic temper which is "touched to fine issues." But the awful birth-throes by which he entered into spiritual life were not in vain. He chose the higher life with painful deliberation, but he followed it with unflinching fortitude, and every step he took proved to be the way to influence over the heart of his generation.

Whoever knows the human soul knows that there is a splendid capacity in it for self-sacrifice. Dissect it and you find engraven on its inmost shrine an image of the cross. Capable of diabolical selfishness, men are also capable when divinely roused of a divine self-emptying. Wherever the cross is lifted up it finds affinities in men by which to draw them to itself. We are not surprised therefore, as we look across the seven intervening centuries and focus our gaze on the splendid devotion of St. Francis, to see men and women yielding to his influence and teaching as to an Apostle of Christ. First the poor man grows into an order of poor men. Then an elect sister separates herself from society and gathers about her an order of poor ladies. Beyond that a third order rises of men and women who are in the world yet not of it, which spreads with such astonishing rapidity that the Bishops of Italy write a collective letter to the Emperor complaining that "everybody was a Tertiary."

Toronto.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SUN.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

However far back in the ages of the past we place the origin of man —whether we regard him as the product of an evolutionary process or as the result of a fiat of creation —there was one day when one human consciousness became for the first time impressed with the glory of the noonday sun. From that day until now it has been known that from the sun the life of the whole earth is derived. It would be natural for the untutored savage to worship the great ball of fire which daily traversed the sky, to personify it, and to give it a name which, once given, would be the key-word for all other appellations of the beneficent power ruling all things in the universe. Mystery, as we understand the word, there would be none ; there would be no attempt to fathom the nature of the deity. A deity there was ; that was simple and enough. But as man became more enlightened through—not evolution, but necessity—the sun must have been regarded as a ball of fire only, and then indeed those minds desirous of searching for the how and the why, would be impressed with the fact that a great body in the heavens did influence the whole earth, and would seek to know what it was and whence it came. This was the problem presented to the early observers in historic times and one far from being answered yet, after say sixty centuries of observation.

So far as we can judge from the sacred writings the Hebrew race had never any conception of the sun other than that it was the source of terrestrial life. We find no solar myths in their theology ; however branches from the main line may have wandered into sun-worship, there was always the one central idea of the living God who created the sun and the moon and the stars—the Creator was apart from his works. This is deserving of more than passing mention ; it is a fact, standing out in bold relief upon the pages that outline the history of the human race ; it defies the higher or the lower or any other criticism to give an explanation other than what the Christian offers. Bound up with this fact is the other, that the Hebrew race had a story of the cosmos most singularly like the hypothesis advanced in modern times, when all the movements of the heavenly bodies were understood, when the telescope had revealed the hosts of nebulae in the stellar depths, and when chemistry and mechanics had by their grandest efforts shown how a universe might be evolved from chaos. To the writer of the book of Genesis what was there to suggest chaos at all ? Around him all was cosmos. He knew nothing of celestial chemistry or the nebulae ; how did he become imbued with the idea that there ever had been a time when the green pasture fields and fertile plains of the East were chaos ? Truly it was a marvellous guess if he guessed it !

The Mosaic record, however, does not convey the impression that the chosen people were in any way interested in regard to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. Understanding more than any other people how these things came to be, they were still as ignorant of the real nature of the sun and the moon as were any of their contemporaries, and they certainly

made no attempts to improve their knowledge in this respect.

Nor was there any mystery about the sun even to the later Greeks. It was a great ball of fire, perhaps larger than all the islands of the Aegean put together ; it rose in the morning and went down in the evening, firmly fastened in a revolving sphere, the simplest thing in the world. Some such ideas regarding the sun were doubtless taught in the groves of Academia at the very time when the human intellect reached a height unsurpassed and unsurpassable in other lines of thought. It is true that later, the Pythagorean astronomy, pointing to the sun as the centre of the system, must have occasioned some study among the contemporaries of the great philosopher and doubtless caused them to wonder what that body was which possibly controlled the planets, but even they had a simple way of dismissing what they did not understand and they seem not to have considered that there was anything really remarkable about the sun as a body. It was still a brilliant ball of fire, and down through many centuries and even after Copernicus had positively demonstrated the sun to be the centre of the system there was nothing very mysterious about the orb itself ; it was all glory, that sufficed.

Then a new light dawns upon the world, the light of experimental philosophy, and Galileo, the father of that science, presents the " optick tube " to the sun, and demands that nature herself shall tell him something of that source of life and vigour to the earth. At the first glance it is seen that the sun, synonyme for all that is glorious and bright, is not free from blemishes ; there are dark patches upon the otherwise beautiful disc ; these require explanation, the sun may be a ball of fire, but whence these oases on its surface ? It is, then, only since Galileo's time that the source of terrestrial life has been considered a mystery in itself, something to be studied because it held countless secrets, waiting to be drawn out by the intellect of man. We shall find that while some of these secrets have been laid bare, there are many which even in this day of advancement resist all attempts to bring them to the light. The problems which the search involves will be handed into the next century as a legacy from the nineteenth.

A great advance was made when the ancient measures of the sun's volume and mass were shown to be erroneous, and again when the mean density of this earth was determined. The sun was found to be, bulk for bulk, very much lighter than the earth, and finally the text books contained the information that the sun was a body about 860,000 miles in diameter and weighing about half as much again as an equal volume of water. Then the physicist is asked to take up the question and describe if he can the constitution of the sun from centre to circumference, notwithstanding the enormous distance which separates him from the object of his study. Here the mysteries begin, and most of the replies to our questions are prepared by the statement that " the common hypothesis is," etc.

If we call the sun a " ball of gas " we come about as near to the truth as we can probably ever get. Something of the outside we will learn presently, but what is the nucleus like ? If we think of the enormous pressure upon the centre by gravitation alone and the intense heat engendered we can readily believe that the nucleus is not a solid mass, whatever it is. So that the first instrument of research is a deduction from known physical laws. Then we proceed to examine the sun itself.

First with the telescope; the dark spots, irregular in shape, coalescing, breaking up, moving over the disc of the sun at varying rates, not seen in all parts of the surface, but occupying particular zones, having a rough periodicity so that the years of maximum and minimum appearance can be foretold, what are they ?

If the young amateur wishes to see these spots so as to form his own opinions about them, he will have no difficulty in the world. A spectacle lens of long focus in one end of a tube and a short focus lens in the other ; present the objective to the sun and arrange so that the image of the sun will, after the rays have passed through the eye-piece,be projected upon a sheet of the whitest paper obtainable. If the " dark room and the hole in the window-blind " cannot be procured, all he has to do is to put a good sun-shade over the end of the tube and an artificial " dark room " is thus secured. With his telescope he will be able to watch the spots coming in over the east limb of the sun and passing across the disc ; he can note their number, their frequency, their appearance ; and he must remember that the first astronomer who proved that there is a periodicity in sun spots was an amateur, who with a very humble instrument observed day after day for thirty years, an example of stick-to-it-ive-ness unexcelled in the annals of astronomy or any other science. To Schwabe of Dessau this honour is due.

Our amateur will also see patches of the sun's surface brighter than the rest ; the text-book will tell him that these are called faculae by astronomers, but now begin his questions. Now he begins to see that there is some mystery about the sun, and would like to know whether he might not be able to drag into light some other secrets than the one which Schwabe made the sun himself reveal. With the telescope, however, he can make but little progress, for at its very best it only shows that the spots are most probably holes in the surface ; they will be found to give that impression the more they are examined ; but why they keep in certain zones, why greater in number at one time than at another, and what is the exact process by which they are produced, these are mysteries as yet unsolved to the satisfaction of the scientific world, although there are about as many theories as there are observers specially interested. The writings of Father Secchi and more recently Prof. Young may be read with advantage, but remembering that these astronomers made no headway with the telescope alone ; they were obliged to call in the aid of a much more wonderful instrument and the reasonings of a science which has grown up, we may say, in our own time, since about 1860.

Spectroscopy tells us all we know about the sun that tends at all to reveal any of the mysteries surrounding the questions of its constitution and the phenomena exhibited by it. Such enormous strides has this new science made that all books upon astronomy now devote space to the general elucidation of its principles. The most casual reader is aware that the spectroscope, refracting and dispersing the rays from a luminous object, shows what colours white light is made up of ; and when presented to the sunlight shows also that the band of colours, the spectrum, is crossed by dark lines and that each line has a signification of its own tending to give us some idea of the constitution of the source of light. For thousands of years the sun was waiting to be asked what its spectrum was like. Frauenhoffer showed the dark lines, then a few

more years and Kirchoff dragged another secret from the heart of nature, giving the explanation of the phenomenon.

Now the mystery of the sun begins in real earnest. Hundreds of these lines in the spectrum have been identified with lines in the spectra of elements known to us, but not all; many denote the presence in the sun of elements either non-existent on the earth or as yet undiscovered. Yet the study goes on and the physicist does not despair ; every little while some devoted student announces that one more little paragraph is to be added to the appendix to the text-book.

An example of how rapidly the stock of knowledge in these subjects increases occurred recently in Toronto. A member of the Astronomical and Physical Society, Mr. M———, had prepared a paper on the "spectra of the nebulae" and stated that what is known as the "chief nebular line" was due to the presence of some element "unknown to terrestrial chemistry." And that was the decision of science at that hour. This was shortly after the discovery of argon, the new element and hitherto unrecognized constituent of the atmosphere. Soon afterwards Mr. M——— was studying the spectrum which argon gives when volatilized in the electric arc, and comparing it with the spectrum of a nebula, when he found the strongest evidence that the unknown line in the latter was due to the presence of the newly discovered element in that mysterious mass of matter out there on the confines of space.

But if we knew what every line in the solar spectrum denotes ; if we knew the constitution of the orb itself to the very centre, and understood the process going on which at present we can only call cyclonic action in the glowing atmosphere producing sun-spots ; if we knew the exact nature of the mysterious corona surrounding the orb, and which is seen so rarely, only when the moon directly intervenes at total solar eclipse, there is still one mystery, transcending all others and having a direct bearing upon all other sciences in the most remote degree connected with chemistry.

We may speak quite confidently about elements composing the sun and the earth, for there is really a great deal known about them. And we have every reason to believe that the earth was once a part of the sun, although we had better not start a controversy by venturing an opinion as to how long ago that was. Now the iron that is in the sun and the iron in the earth are the same. Volatilized, the metal is reduced to its atomic condition and the atoms have a certain vibratory motion which is the same wherever they are. If then the sun is the result of an evolutionary process, and if the earth also has passed through stages of development, both of which propositions are universally held to be true, we have yet to account for the fact that there has been, so far as we can see, no evolutionary process about the atoms composing them. The iron in your pen-nib was once a part of the sun, the particles have not changed in all these millions of years. Is this not strange ? But it is true. And evolution starts off with manufactured atoms ; a nebula condenses into a sun and planets, but the bond between them is everlasting.

Nay more, such elements as we know exist in the most distant stars, we are familiar with in the laboratory. What then are we to gather from this ? That the sun was once a part of a mighty nebula that literally filled the whole universe ; or that in separate quarters

of space special creation produces the same identical elements ; or, that the elements of matter as we know them are compounds, evolved from some primal base ?

As the centuries roll on we may expect that man will learn yet more and more of the constitution of the sun and of the mysterious process by which its energy reaches our little earth, giving us all we have of life and vigour; whether he will ever learn the mystery of its origin is a question we hardly dare even think of. Yet sometimes, in a moment of exaltation, we may, perhaps vaingloriously, in the words of Grant, the historian-astronomer, (referring to another profound mystery), say, " It would be rash to be too sanguine, it would be unphilosophical to despair."

Toronto.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN AN ENGLISH LAKE.*

BY BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D.D.

What one of the Powers will rule the Pacific? The British Empire has a total area of 9,841,921 square miles, and a total population of 305,236,780. The Russian Empire comes next, with 8,646,100 square miles, and 108,814,172 population. The Chinese Empire follows with 4,179,559 square miles, and 404,-180,000 population. The United States, as fourth in point of territory and of population, may well be interested in the question as to which of these three great Powers shall rule the Pacific. Thus far the Pacific Ocean is little more than an English lake. The interests of the British Empire are so great in the Pacific that no final solution of the Far Eastern question will be possible without the influence of England being taken into account.

Bordering on the Pacific, or surrounded by its waters, are two British possessions, Australasia and the Dominion of Canada, each of which is about the size of the whole of Europe. Melbourne is the fourth city in the British Empire, while the foreign commerce of Australia and the Pacific Islands which have been annexed by Great Britain is so great as to require the daiy expenditure of $5,-000 on telegrams to England alone, and in a single year the foreign commerce of Australia amounted to $642,500,000.

Great Britain has annexed about everything in the Pacific Ocean worth annexing, and her High Commissioner, the Governor of the Fiji Islands, is instructed to take a kindly oversight of the rest. Her colonies are enterprising, paying large subsidies and guarantees to ocean cable companies, building railroads, constructing or buying steamships. In 1893 $35,-000,000 worth of gold, or nearly one-fourth of the world's annual production, came from Australia, while the same country yields annually 4,000,000 tons of coal, and a wool clip aggregating in value $100,000,000. All this is done by a population of only five million souls in a territory as large as the

* The accompanying testimony to Great Britain's supremacy, moral and physical, on the Pacific, is the more gratifying in that it cannot be attributed to British partiality. These are the conclusions of a high-minded American patriot, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Similar sentiments are also expressed by that stalwart American writer, Dr. Joseph Cook, and by other large minded men who recognize in the righteousness of British rule, the Providence of God among the nations.

United States or Europe. What must it be when the population grows from these figures to the present population of the United Kingdom ?

Now, between these two large colonies of Great Britain there is already so succesful a line of Canadian Pacific steamers that a new fleet of ships of 10,000 tons burden will shortly be put on to run between Vancouver, British Columbia, and the colonial possessions in the South Pacific. Then, with a line of steamships which can make the run from Halifax to Liverpool in four days, the Pacific route from Australia to England will take only twenty-six days, and will be a strong competitor with the Red Sea and Gibraltar route. It is estimated that it will be only seven days longer from London to Calcutta by way of the Canadian Pacific steamers to China than by Gibraltar. This fact helps to explain why, with lines extending to Australia, India, America, and numerous islands, Hong Kong is the second port of entry in the British Empire, and for the growing commerce and influence of Great Britain in the Pacific. Having adopted the motto that the British flag follows British trade, the warships of Great Britain are found sooner or later wherever British subjects have made commerce profitable throughout the Pacific.

In a long talk with Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Premier of Canada, I was impressed with the great wisdom of the federation of the Provinces and Districts of Canada into the Dominion, and equally with the immense cost at which it was done. Not only did British Columbia refuse to come into the Federation unless connected with the Eastern Provinces by railroad, which required the building of the Canadian Pacific at a cost of nearly $200,000,000 (the Dominion paying nearly half, aside from the gift of 25,000,000 acres of land to the railroad company), but the Government assumed the heavy debts of some of the maritime provinces in order to make possible the Federation.

Now only Newfoundland, with her holdings in Labrador, remains out of the Dominion, and the Premier told me that the Government stood ready to assume the large debt of $18,000,000 owed by Newfoundland, in order to have the Dominion of Canada embrace all British subjects living north of the United States. Thus the Dominion Parliament would have full control from ocean to ocean. The Canadian Government was willing to make this concession, in order to get possession of the Newfoundland Fisheries, which Lord Bacon said were more to be desired than the mines of Peru. This would make the Fisheries question one that the Dominion Government could deal with directly, and not, as now, be embarrassed by independent action on the part of Newfoundland.

As already constituted the Canadian Federation embraces forty per cent. of the territory of the British Empire, and yet from sea to sea its entire population is less than that of the State of New York, numbering, in fact, less than 5,000,000. Its commerce has greatly increased since the Confederation ; and, backed by the Government of Great Britain, there is no doubt a great and growing future before it, and the more as, through the Pacific trade, it is becoming a connecting link between England and her Pacific colonies. As regards the new order of things brought about by the putting on of the great steamships, I will let the Premier speak :

"The agreement is that the steamers will call at New Zealand, touching en route at Victoria, Hon-

olulu, Fiji, and proceeding from New Zealand to Sydney. The return trip will include the same ports of call. The voyage will, of course, take a little longer, but on the other hand it is hoped that one result will be to open up mutually profitable trade relations with New Zealand. That Colony, on its part, is to subsidize the line to the extent of £20,000 per annum. The Government of New Zealand have made application to our Government for additional assistance, viz., to carry their mails over the continent free of charge with a view to making this the highway for mail and passenger service between New Zealand and England. We are at present considering this application. The object of both colonies must be to foster and promote trade one with the other, and every reasonable facility will be offered for its attainment. The probabilities are that we will be able to enter into a reciprocal arrangement with New Zealand, under which the products of this country will be received free, or at a low rate, in consideration of certain concessions made by us to them. There is also a project on foot in Japan to establish a line of steamers between that country and Sydney. Should this be accomplished, it will afford an alternative route between British Columbia and Australia via China and Japan."

What with these steamers of the Canadian Pacific line newly added to the large British merchant marine, long engaged in extensive trade with China and Japan by way of the Suez Canal, Great Britain has sixty per cent. of China's trade. Who doubts but with the opening of the Nicaraguan Ship Canal the ships of the British Empire will be yet more active in the carrying trade of the Pacific? While in point of strength the French navy is next to the British, yet Great Britain has been keeping in the North Pacific more warships than France and Russia together, because her commerce with China is so much greater than that of all the other Powers combined. That Russia will have an increasing commerce in the Pacific must become apparent to every one on the completion of her great Siberian railroad.

Siberia contains an area of 24,800,000 square miles, or a million more square miles than all Europe. The present Emperor of Russia went to Vladivostok to drive the first spike in the great railroad which was to reach St. Petersburg. Though 6,000 miles long, its estimated cost will not exceed that of the Canadian Pacific because of the cheapnes of labour. On the Trans-Caucasian railroad to Samarcand 5,000 labourers were employed at six cents a day, now increased to twelve cents a day, and rails were laid at the rate of four to five miles a day. Under the plea of military necessity soldiers were also employed, two battalions of 500 each aiding in the work.

Of what use will it be when built? Siberia already produces one-sixth of the world's annual output of gold, while the railroad as it advances is opening up vast deposits of coal, iron, lead, and silver, as well as great timber regions and agricultural lands, which latter promise to compete with the other hard wheat regions of the world. The Amoor river, nine miles wide at its mouth, and navigable for 2,000 miles, and for 600 miles for vessels drawing twelve feet, has already a considerable commerce. Doubtless with the completion of the Siberian railroad Russia will pour a large commerce into the Pacific, and will see that her navy is ample to protect her merchant marine.

In the meantime both Japan and China promise to be no mean competitors of Great Britain as manu-

facturers of cotton cloth and other goods. Japan has already 1,250,000 spindles busy, and every ship leaving Vancouver, Tacoma, or San Francisco, has a considerable cargo of raw cotton for the cotton mills of Japan, which draw a part of their supply from India and China. As Bombay has already proven a great rival of Manchester, and manufactures the cotton of India into cloth without sending the raw material to England as formerly, so doubtless both Japan and China will by means of cheap labour successfully compete with England in the manufacture of many articles needed by the people of Eastern Asia. But as the rest of the world will continue to need the tea and silk of Eastern Asia, so the higher forms of civilization among the people of those countries will lead to articles of manufacture which only the highly skilled labour of England and America can produce. Africa will for a long time need her cotton cloth, but may not India and Japan sell it cheaper ?

The trade of Great Britain is, after all, largest with her own colonies. Since she annihilated the fleets of Spain and France at Trafalgar she has been mistress of the ocean ; and Holland, though deprived by England of Ceylon and the Cape, ranks next to her (while far below her) with colonial possessions amounting to an area of 688,000 square miles and a population of 26,841,000. Germany is aspiring of late to be a colonizing nation, and within ten years has annexed several groups of islands in the Pacific, and with England and Holland has appropriated New Guinea with its 300,000 square miles of territory. The English flag flies over 28,326,000 tons of the world's trade. Fully 77 per cent. of the vessels which pass through the Suez Canal carry the British flag.

Possibly much of British commerce may pass from Great Britain to her colonies, in whose railways and other industries the home country has invested nearly four billions of dollars, or as much as her whole national debt. London and Manchester and Birmingham capitalists may hereafter live thousands of miles from the sound of their spindles and anvils, but it will be the same British flag which will protect their industries. The idea of Imperial Federation, so popular in some quarters, is not meeting with universal favour, although many acknowledge the advantages of having a common flag and the protection of England's powerful navy. When Australia sees in a single year that her total trade is double per head that of the whole trade of Great Britain, she is much influenced by the motto of Sir Henry Parkes, " Australia for Australians."

While Federation has not been brought about in Australia as it has been in Canada, it may be considered as a possibility in the not remote future.

As in Canada the spirit of Annexation weakened as the spirit of Federation grew. So it may be in the Southern Pacific colonies, that loyalty to the British flag will be intensified rather than diminished with the federation of the different colonies into one dominion. While Imperial Federation may not be realized, yet Great Britain is in no danger of losing any of her colonies in the Pacific ; but it is probable that she will continue her liberal policy toward them, and retain their abiding love for the old flag, and defend them with her men-of-war. Every war that England has had since Cromwell's time, especially with Holland and France, has been influenced by her colonial policy. After losing her most prosperous colony during the Revolutionary War, she has been

more considerate of her colonies in every part of the world.

It is important to bear in mind the difference between Federation and Imperial Federation. By the former the colonies of Australia will be united in one dominion, or, as many prefer to call it, one republic. This will do away with the inland custom houses which they have erected against each other, and give them, if they wish, a uniform protective policy against other countries. Imperial Federation means the bringing of all the colonies and possessions into a yet closer union for the enlargement of the naval and military forces of the British Empire, and the protection and security of all. Many who favour Federation in the interest of harmony and for the dismissal of petty rivalries among the colonies of Australia, such as followed the federation of the provinces and districts in Canada, are strongly opposed to being brought into closer relations with the home government or India, and thus be compelled to participate in wars thousands of miles away, and with whose origin they had nothing to do.

Should the Australian Colonies form a powerful federation, they are so remote from the British Isles, and are making such progress, that a spirit of independence will probably be developed which may at least prevent Imperial Federation, because the new Federation can hope to have its own army and navy ample for defence against any foe likely to seek them in their remote quarter of the Pacific. The tariff question enters largely into that of Imperial Federation, as while free trade obtains in Great Britain, some of the Colonies insist on protecting their industries against the goods of both England and India. Neither will be inclined to yield, and it is probable that Lord Salisbury, despite the favour with which the Conservative Cabinet regarded Imperial Federation when last in power, may decline, as he did in 1889, to summon a meeting of representatives from various parts of the Empire to consider the possibility of establishing a closer union.

It is safe to say that England will not risk her annual exports to the Colonies, amounting to $398,000,000, for any ideal theories of Imperial rule. She is first of all a nation of traders, and it is her immense trade which makes her mistress of the seas. A powerful navy is possible only to a people of great wealth, and it is England's commerce which gives her, and will continue to give her for many years, the commanding place in the Pacific with both merchant, marine, and war-ships.

Many of the most thoughtful students of the question of Greater Britain are, like the late Prof. Seeley, of Cambridge, quite perplexed as to the position of India, where the Government is between three fires : Russia, Mohammedanism, with its 50,000,000, and a possible insurrection among her 150,000,000 of Hindus. War with any Mussulman Power would doubtless mean the uprising of her large Mohammedan population. Emissaries from an unfriendly nation might be able to so move the Hindu population as to put in serious peril the 200,000 English now living in India, and divide the British forces which might be needed on the frontier, in the event of an aggressive policy on the part of Russia.

Already Great Britain rules over twice as many people in India as the Roman Empire embraced in its widest prosperity. Her superior organization is the explanation of her success where other conquerors held only temporary sway. The very industries which are being taught her Indian subjects may

keep them more contented, although they stop the machinery of some of the rival industries of Great Britain. The British rule is one of comprehension, taking in all languages, religions, peoples. While it has abolished widow-burning and abated infanticide, it has been tolerant of the prescribed religious ceremonies of its subjects.

While tolerant of the religions of her conquered subjects, and naturally jealous of anything which might arouse and lead to an outbreak, the Indian Government, in a recent official report, used the following language respecting missionaries, which is to be commended to those who denounce missionary work as a failure : " The gain in converts is only a small part of the beneficial results of missionary effort. No mere statistical statement can give a correct idea of all that the missionaries have accomplished. The moral value of what they preach is acknowledged by hundreds who do not join them. Their doctrinal system has given the people new ideas, not only as purely religious questions, but upon the existence and nature of evil, the obligatory character of the law, and the motives which should direct and govern human life. The Indian Government cannot avoid expressing how much its owes to the benevolent exertions of those 600 missionaries whose blameless lives and self-denying labours have inspired with a new vital force the great communities living under British rule."

The Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects spoken in India and the British Colonies. Laws passed in the British Parliament are operative in the most of India and in much of Africa today. The advance of the British flag means religious toleration on the one hand and the protection of the missionary on the other In the evangelization of Eastern Asia we may rejoice in the fact that England dominates the Pacific. I am deeply impressed with the growing greatness of the British Empire in this ocean which God has set alike for a boundary and a bond between the nations. The British flag floats over nearly all of the once Cannibal Islands of the Pacific, and English-speaking missionaries from Great Britain and America have made travel safe upon the high seas, and driven cannibalism from the Pacific Ocean.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

THROUGH THE NEW YEAR.

Through the new year whose gates we enter now,
Be near me, Son of God ;
Teach me in lowliness to walk, where Thou,
Going before, hast trod.
If my poor heart grow faint, and fear be nigh,
And hope depart from me,
Dear heart of Jesus, bear me up, till I
Shall gain new strength from Thee.

Worn in the travail of the past sad years,
Sorely my soul was tried :
Yet when my grief found no relief in tears,
Thou, Christ, wast at my side,
Folding me in Thy breast, as a tired child,
Thou soothedst me in my need ;
O blessed Saviour, merciful and mild,
I was Thy child, indeed.

New faith, new hope, new strength, for the New Year—
New service in Thy name ;
Where'er my duty leadeth far or near,
I go with lofty aim.
Yet in humility, and striving still,
Like my Lord sacrificed,
Only to do my Heavenly Father's will,
Toward Thee, through Thee, dear Christ.

MRS. GORDON'S COZY CORNER.

BY MADA MAITLAND.

"Justin, do lay away that Citizen and come to breakfast. If Manitoba and Separate School difficulties are sufficient for you, just please remember your wee wife requires something more substantial on which to begin the duties of the day." Playfully taking the paper from his hand as she spoke, Justin Gordon's pretty wife led the way to the breakfast table. It was a cozy room with an open fireplace, and as husband and wife seated themselves at the daintily spread breakfast table, Mrs. Gordon remarked :

"Don't forget, Justin dear, I have a birthday this month."

"A birthday," he replies, "why bless me, how time flies. Twenty-there it is, you will be ?"

"What a bare-faced compliment when you know I was that on our wedding day. No, I will be twenty-six this month. What an old woman your wife is growing, and still she is as giddy and foolish as on the day the responsibilities of this household fell upon her shoulders."

A smile greeted this moralizing, and later, when the husband was leaving for his office, he called back.

"All right, Lou, about that birthday gift, choose what will give you most pleasure to the value of one hundred dollars."

She was ascending the stairs as he spoke, but a few steps brought her to her husband's side and in well chosen words, with a charm peculiarly her own, she thanked him for his gift.

That morning, as she drew her rocker closer to the fire, she tried to decide what she would buy with that birthday money. While she sits in cogitation deep, let us have a glimpse at her and her home. Three years ago she had become the wife of the clever young lawyer, Justin Gordon. She was the only child of Judge Barton, and it was with feelings of intense reluctance the old judge had given the "Sunshine of his home" to the keeping of the young lawyer ; for many years the mother's chair had been vacant and Lou had presided over her father's fashionable home with a charming grace. In company with her father she often attended the church near their home, and once, during a week of special services, she had experienced a yearning after a better life, but the preparations for the Bachelor's Ball and its succeeding gaieties had so crept into her life that no decision was made, but with a promise to herself, that when a season of rest would come to her she would think of it again, she set aside the all-important question and lived the life of one of the gayest of the belles of one of our Canadian towns. Her husband, a son of many prayers, usually attended church service with his wife, but made no profession of religion, so though not a thoroughly godless home we have entered, it is not one where the Master is ever welcome and loved.

We left our heroine by the fireside, and as we return we find her not alone but in animated conversation with a bright motherly little woman who proves to be Mr. Gordon's only sister, Mrs. Dalton. As we enter we find the question of the birthday gift just being settled. The bay-window in the drawing-room is being inspected and in happy laughing words they are, in

imagination, building up a fairy cozy-corner, that is to further beautify the already handsome room.

"Now, then, Nell, you must come this very afternoon and help me make my choice of plushes and trimmings, and above all we must have pillows in abundance."

"I will be delighted to help you in your selection," Mrs. Dalton is saying, "but first of all I must attend our missionary meeting, so come along with me first, dear. Our meeting is at 3 p.m., and then we will shop afterwards."

A laugh from Mrs. Gordon greets this invitation, for a missionary meeting had never before formed one of her afternoon engagements. But in order to have the advantage of her sister-in-law's exquisite taste, she consents to the meeting. At a few minutes to three the girls are on their way to D——— St. church. A smart walk soon brings them to their destination, and as they enter the home-like ladies' parlour of the church, the opening hymn is being given out. The novelty of newness interests Mrs. Gordon for some time, and it is not until the energetic little president asks for the special prayers, for their sisters whose lives at the present time are endangered by the fearful insurrections that are occurring in the foreign field, that she wakens from her inspection of bonnets and fall wraps. The prayer that followed was one, the sincerity and plainness of which held everyone's attention. A special prayer went up from Mrs. Dalton that some seed should fall into the heart of her merry, careless sister, and as the meeting went on Mrs. Dalton felt encouraged, till with such a thoroughly amused smile Lou, leaning over, inquired :

"Did you ever see such a conglomeration in your life as that bonnet of Mrs. Hayes ?"

Only the place suppressed the peal of laughter that would have followed.

Mrs. Dalton was forced to smile herself, but it ended in a sigh, and a wonder if it would ever be thus, would Lou never be serious. The president announced that instead of the usual paper on some of the mission fields of our Church, Mrs. Rowly would read us a short sketch of the life of Mrs. Mathuson. It was such a pathetic little tale, sweetly told of one so young and brave leaving home and all dear to her to become the helper of him whom she was proud to call husband in telling the glad tidings to those in "heathen darkness dwelling." The sketch went on to tell of the sickness that visited that home and the brave fight this noble woman made to do her duty in her home and to their people. Death claimed the husband, and the loneliness of that young Canadian girl so far from her native land touched each listener in that little gathering. It was the life story of one of whom it could truly be said, "She hath done what she could." During the closing exercises Mrs. Gordon sat quietly thinking over her past life and for the first time it flashed on her the emptyness of the life she was living. Beyond her social engagements and her slight home duties she had never risen, and in contrast to the noble life she had just heard of, hers seemed an utter failure. So Mrs. Dalton's query, as they once more reached the street,

"Well, whither bound, sister mine, for that shopping ?" She was answered in a shaky little voice,

"Why, Nell, your meeting has given me the blues, I don't feel at present I shall ever want a cozy-corner again, I am going to take this car home."

Mrs. Dalton's eyes were full of tears as she pressed Lou's hand in

parting, and with a prayer in her heart for the sister so dear, that the good seed sown might bring forth fruit, she wended her way to her less fashionable, but happy Christian home.

To the smart maid who answered the door, Mrs. Gordon left a message she was not to be disturbed until dinner was served. Laying off her wraps she threw herself on a lounge and gave herself up to serious thought. There her husband found her some hours later when he returned from his office. Mr. Spain, his partner, had accompanied him home as he frequently did, for this brilliant lawyer always found a quiet dinner, where Mrs. Gordon presided, a particularly pleasant affair. Her husband's friend had always pleased and entertained her before, but as he told of his "polo match," "that great game of golf," "the athletic dance," "a rollicking hunting party," and the inauguration of a pedro club, for the first time it struck her that this clever man was truly selfish, never getting beyond the pleasures and gaieties of life that pertained to his own happiness.

It was apparent to Mr. Gordon that something had annoyed his wife, and to his anxious query, "Are you not feeling well, Lou?" she petulantly replied, "Certainly. Can your wife not be quiet for five minutes without being considered ill?"

It was with feelings of gladness she bade adieu to her guest, and as her husband was leaving, he drew her to him and, kissing her, said, "You must tell me all the trouble, little one, when I return." Her only answer was a poor wan smile in which burning tears fought for supremacy.

Being left alone once more she resumed her favourite seat beside the fireplace, and as she gazed on the burning coals she seemed to see such life pictures. Women who had lived ideal lives—lives of service, and in contrast once more her own gay, thoughtless life in which self had figured largely. Her sister-in-law's busy, useful life, which she had often spoken of as slow and prosaic, seemed to rise before her in all the beauty of its unselfishness. With an unutterable longing that she might yet make a success of her life she dropped on her knees and in earnest broken words told her Heavenly Father of her sorrow for the past and her desires for something better for the future. With the "peace that passeth understanding" in her heart she rose from her knees. How she longed for and yet dreaded the return of her husband that she might tell him about it all. It was quite early when he returned, and his first question on entering was,

"Well, Lou, what have you done to-day that made you look so forlorn at dinner?"

With a sweet, sad smile, she replied, with an attempt at gaiety,

"It isn't the thing you *do*, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache,
At the setting of the sun."

"Well then, little woman, what is this dreadful thing you have left undone?"

Throwing himself at her feet and taking her hand in his, he said, "Now, 'fess up, and I will promise to let you off pretty easy."

It was some time before she spoke, and then she said, "It is such a long story, Justin, I hardly know where to begin. I think I will have to tell you my 'life's story.'" So from her girlhood days she told him, filling in the years as she went. It was interesting to this man of business to thus lie and study his pretty wife in this new role, and he smiled indulgently at her recital until she said,

"I heard a sermon once that

roused me from the aimless life I was living, but that same night you dined with us and I tried to speak to you of it, and I remember so well your saying, 'Now, Louise, please don't treat me to a second sermon to-day, I had one already from sister Nell. She has grown so Methodistical since she married that fellow Dalton, that I have become thoroughly disappointed in her.

"I had never seen you look so ill-humoured before, and I hurriedly changed the subject.

"Then after our marriage you planned my life for me and you seemed so noble and good it was easy to drift with you, but even you, sometimes, dear, found something lacking in your wife. I remember a Sunday some months ago, after we had entertained Mr. Spain and his gay crowd to dinner, your sighing afterwards as you sat smoking your cigar, and saying,

"'There are quite different ways of spending Sunday. I fear the little mother who has gone before would not consider her son Justin and his wife were living ideal lives.'

"You finished your cigar in the garden alone that night, and with a feeling of loneliness I went to my room knowing that in some way I had disappointed you. Then during this meeting to-day, in hearing of noble lives, I clearly saw what mine lacked. My motive in life and theirs were so different. Theirs for God, mine for self. Justin, dear, help me, O! help me to live better."

The laughter had long since left the husband's face and for some time after his wife's story had ended he had paced the room in silence, and then, kneeling beside her, in a husky voice he said,

"We must try and help one another, little one."

The conversation that followed is too sacred for us to listen to, for on that memorable night the Master was welcomed as Friend and Saviour in their home.

Some days later, Mrs. Dalton dropped into the Gordon home just as dinner was being announced and her husband being absent in Toronto, she was easily persuaded to remain and dine with them. A letter had passed between the sisters telling of the new happiness that had come to her brother's home, so it was with a face full of love and thankfulness that Mrs. Dalton greeted her brother and his wife. As they lingered at the dinner table that evening, Mrs. Dalton, turning to Mrs. Gordon, exclaimed,

"By-the-bye, Lou, how is that cozy-corner progressing?"

A blushing and very embarrassed face was turned to her, and as Mrs. Gordon still hesitated to reply, her husband answered for her.

"It is getting along famously. Lou finds it is not absolutely necessary in her own drawing-room, so she is scattering parts of it all over creation. A few cushions went to China, to make it a wee bit easier for those who are passing through such tribulation there. One or two went to the cold Northwest, an odd one was thrown in at the Home for the Friendless, and if your Flower Mission is in need of a prop I believe we can bolster you up."

Mrs. Dalton's only reply was to stoop over and whisper, "What a sweet thank-offering, dear!"

As the trio entered the drawing-room that evening, Mrs. Dalton was attracted to a small table, on which stood a beautiful white lily, in the recess which was to have been made the cozy-corner. As the sisters stood admiring the snow-white blossoms, Mrs. Gordon touched a spring in the table revealing a secret drawer which con-

tained many bright coins. In the middle of the drawer was a tablet with the words,—

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"This," Mrs. Gordon said, "is to be our cozy-corner fund, and its object is to create a little happiness in the weary lives we come across in this work-a-day world."

I never enter a drawing-room now where one of those luxurious corners is built, but I pause and wonder if the owner realized half the pleasure that was created by "Mrs. Gordon's Cozy-Corner."

Ottawa, Ont.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath the cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember,
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden,
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the splash of icy rain;
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear old year! I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust Him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-bye, kind Year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I make some sprays and wear them on my heart.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight;
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face;
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown, new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New Light of His countenance, full and unpriced,
All this be the glory of thy new life in Christ.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.

"FAITH, CAPTAIN, HONEY." PAGE 57.

CHAPTER I.

"THE CRAME OV THE VALLEY."

In the last century the wild and heathy slopes of Shanvar, on the shores of Duncroskery Bay, presented an appearance as barren and desolate as they do to-day; and, indeed, for the matter of that, probably continue unaltered in their characteristic features of rugged and inhospitable dreariness since primeval man first roamed the bogs and hills of Erin.

Our ancestor of the stone age would find himself at home in a district so abundantly supplied with his favourite material for flint adze or rude arrow-head; while, in the winding streams and innumerable tarns he might procure his food, varying his ordinary diet of roots and herbs with an occasional conger-eel or cod, caught when he was venturous enough, at the risk of his life, to launch his hide-covered coracle on the uncertain sea.

Not very far ahead of their re-

mote ancestors in the arts of civilization are the present dwellers on that barren mountain-side. Yet are they refined and polished compared with what their grandfathers were, who lived here a wild and lawless life, half smugglers, half wreckers, manufacturing the supply of potheen for three baronies ; defying alike the revenue officer, the constable, and the soldier, who again and again futilely combined their rather limited available forces against them.

By reason of the inaccessible nature of their mountain home, their complete knowledge of the intricate and dangerous passes, their unswerving fidelity to each other, their superior strength and agility, the wild community had been able hitherto to carry on their several nefarious and illicit practices with perfect impunity.

The people of the neighbouring towns and villages connived at the doings of these "Shanvars," as they were called in the local slang of the district, from motives of prudence and self-interest, considering cheap and strong spirits a thing not to be quarrelled with ; and having a wholesome dread of the vengeance of the hill-folk, who were never known to leave unpunished the treachery of an informer.

From the mountains of Shanvaght the bold promontory of Ardclashan, jutting far into the Atlantic, looks like a wedge of iron thrust into a mass of molten silver, for the ocean is, on the morning when our story opens, shining in the lustre of the newly-risen sun ; while, beyond the furthest point of the headland, may be descried, like jetty beads darkling on the shimmering sea, a group of islets not marked on any map, yet big enough to be capable of supporting a few head of cattle during the summer.

These are the Hogsheads, the haunt of seals and smugglers. The mazy channels separating these islets are known as the Eddies, the Shanvars alone having the reputation of being acquainted with their tortuous navigation.

THE HOGSHEADS, THE HAUNT OF SEALS AND SMUGGLERS.

On a fresh summer morning, many years ago, a youth, clad in a home-spun frieze, stood upon the slopes of Shanvaght.

No one at all familiar with the habits and appearance of the smuggling gang who made this rock their home, could, for a moment, mistake him for a Shanvar. Although clothed in the ordinary garb of the peasantry, it was easy to see, at a glance, that he belonged to a class of society some-

what above the rank of petty farmers, then so numerous, not only in the West, but throughout all Ireland.

He clambers up the side of a huge isolated block of stone, which had, at one time, by the force of some natural convulsion, doubtless, broken from the brow of the cliff, and had rolled half-way down the slope of the hill.

On this huge monolith he rests, secure enough, notwithstanding its appearance of unsteadiness, and the impression irresistibly made on the spectator, that it has but paused in its headlong plunge, and will instantly resume its rush to the sea. But thus it has stood, or rather hung, for centuries, and thus, in all probability, it will remain till the crack of doom.

Having reached this "coign of vantage," the youth shades his eyes with his hands and looks in all directions, as though in search of some object, muttering his thoughts aloud, a habit to which those who follow his lonely vocation are prone.

"If it was anybody else but my own father's son was here on this blissid erran', I doubt they'd git a warrum reception from these Shanvar chaps. Jealous they'd be to see a stranger hangin' about the hill just whin they're decantin' the potheen. But shure, if I've luck, I'll git thim trispassin' villains of cows on this side of the hill, and not have to face the crew over in the direction of Nurney's cave. And, shure as fate, that possessed imp of a black Kerry, that me father bought at the last fair of Dhoorboy, will be laidin' the rist of thim into mischief. She'll niver stop till she's at the door of Wild Regan's cabin, if she isn't over the crags and into the say wid the whole o' thim before this. If they haven't committed shooiside thimselves, it's gettin' me kilt they'll be doin' or maybe murthured outright for a spy, on account o' follyin' thim thievin' blayguards on a road no man cares to travel after night or too early in the mornin'.

"As I'm a livin' sinner, if there isn't a preventive man creepin' up the back o' the hill, makin' right for O'Regan's cabin. Saints preserve us! If I don't be in O'Regan's house and give him warnin' before that rascal gits there, I'm done for! Tim will niver belave but that I informed on him, and brought the revenue down on him, for by this time he has spotted me any way, standing loike patience on a monument, whin I should be runnin' loike a redshank."

"There's a whole party of thim," continued Denis, speaking to himself, as he ran swiftly over the rugged mountain sides, with a speed and safety gained by long practice in climbing these wild hills, and a perfect knowledge of the paths that traverse their bleak slopes.

Denis was soon at the entrance to the miserable cabin which had been the object of his earnest scrutiny. As he had had a greater distance to cover than they, he only arrived at the door just as the company of the preventive men turned into the rough boreen or lane that led up to the cabin.

"Hurry, Biddy, alannah!" he said, in startled tones, stooping through the low doorway. "The officers is at the door! Empty the stuff out of the window, for your life!"

"Faith, you may give up that notion entirely, me darlint," said Tim, the man of the house himself, from the smoky chimney corner. "Begorra, 'tis surrounded we are; if ye go to the windy ye're cotched. I can see a chap on guard in the cabbage garden, from where I'm sittin'. We're done for this time, sure."

"Hould yere tongue, ye fool,"

said Biddy, as the possibility of her enemies playing the eaves-dropper suddenly occurred to her. "Whist now, lave it to me. I've brought ye through scrapes before now, and I'll bring ye through this one, too."

"Troth did you, Biddy ; but I'm afeared ye're at the ind of yere tether this time, me girl. What can ye do whin there's thim two gallons of the stuff on the flure right forninst the first man that puts his feet across the threshold ?"

Two cans of the potheen, clear as water, but strong-smelling as a distillery, lay as Tim described them right in the path of any who might chance first to enter the cabin.

It seemed, indeed, as if detection were inevitable ; but who can fathom the fertile resources of a quick-witted woman ?

Quick as thought, Biddy brought the two cans closer together, and throwing a hoop across both, so that it rested on the edge of each, she motioned to all within the room to remain silent and await results.

Now it is customary in many places in Ireland, and in other parts for aught I know, to fetch water from the well in buckets or cans, prevented from clashing against the person by means of a hoop, in the centre of which the bearer walks, whilst the distending rim of the hoop, touching the handles of the brimming utensils, keeps them at a distance, where their weight is poised and rendered less unwieldy.

Hence but for the smell, which was strong enough in all conscience to be unmistakable, the appearance presented by this arrangement of Biddy's, was as though some one had just arrived with water from the spring, and startled by the sudden entrance of the armed men, had incontinently fled, abandoning her burden where it first happened to drop.

"Saints above !" shrieked Biddy with well-affected alarm as the leader of the gaugers presented himself at the door, thereby darkening all the interior of the cabin, so narrow was the means of exit, and so dim the light admitted by the solitary window.

"O losh, Captain !" she continued, pressing her hand on her side, and turning up the whites of her eyes in a simulate ecstasy of terror. "What a fright ye did give us to be sure ! but I was always feared of loaded weepons ; aye, or unloaded ayther, too. Sorra wan knows what moight happen wid the innocencest one of thim all. As for Aileen, she's like a crow at the smell of powther. She's off and left her cans, and 'tis myself doesn't know when she'll turn up again."

Then, in a louder tone, she screamed, "Come back, Aileen, darlint, 'tis only Mister Crosbie."

"I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis Captain Crosbie I shud have said. Shure 'tis yourself, sur, would be sorry to frecken the poor colleen. She was just after carryin' the go of wather from the blessed well when she shouted that she was after seein' the sun shinin' on the guns of a hundred min—no less the poor child made it out in her fright—when just as she was tellin' it, she hears yere fut on the gravel, and run for her bare life, lavin' cans and all as she dropped them."

"Aileen ! Aileen !" shouted the old woman, going to the window. "Oh," continued she, turning again, "She must be off wid herself to the Flanigans, and no wonder, Captain, wid your comin' to the likes of us dacent people, in a quiet and peaceable neighbourhood, wid your guns and swords as if we wur rebels, or robbers, no less. But never mind, Captain, sure you're welcome, any way. 'Tis often I think of the toime ye wur up here last, when ye had the divarshin wid Terry Phelan."

This was a reminiscence not relished by the leader of the preventive men, the said Terry having escaped his clutches after leading him and his men a wildgoose chase over many a weary mile of bog and rock.

Gruffly enough, therefore, the Captain responded : " Come, now, my good woman, you know well enough what we're after here, and if you don't surrender the illicit spirits in your possession, why we have a warrant to search for it ; and by the same token, it's not far away it is this minute, for the smell of it would knock you down."

" Faith, Captain, honey, a strong smell of spirits is a bad witness in a coort o' justice ; ye'd find it harder to bring it into the witness-box nor puttin' Teddy in the dock 'ud be. But it's yirself is the cliver man, any way. 'Tis aisy toimes we had, and no mistake, before yerself was appointed. Sorra bit o' trouble we iver had to get out o' the way af the omadawn that was here before ye. But 'tis yerself gives the bhoys the troubled nights. Sorra a drop o' the craythur can be brewed now. The crooked wurrum died, thanks to yir sharp eyes, and your ways as quick as a bird's and as quiet as a fish."

The revenue officer, somewhat mollified by this artful compliment to his superior skill and adroitness in his profession, sat down, and wiping his hot face with a large bandanna pocket-handkerchief, replied :

" Well, well, Biddy, we'll say no more about it this time ; you have outwitted me, surely. It is warm work, but I'll just take a draught of this water from St. Mary's well, the best in all the country—ice-cold the hottest day."

The man lifted a mug from the dresser and stooped down in the act to dip it into the nearest of the two cans of potheen, which, clear as crystal, appeared to be exactly what Biddy had represented it, a couple of gallons of pure harmless spring water from St. Mary's limpid fount.

With a sudden exclamation Biddy snatched the mug out of the officer's hand, and said :

" Is to insult me, sor, ye done it ? Would it iver be said of a Regan that they allowed a beggar to drink the cup o' could wather while there was good milk in lashins in the house, let alone a dacent man, loike yourself, sor, to be put off that way ? Surely, no, Mister Crosbie. Here's a drink for a king, though I say it, who shu'dent. Ye have the crame of the valley in the crame o' that milk ; Mulcahy's meadows—as good, and better, than the goolden lands o' Tipperary—fed the cows that gave that milk. Taste it, yer honour, and see if 'tis not better than the cowld comfort of the best spring wather. I mane no disrespect to the blessed saints that has consicrated all the good wather in the counthry."

" Thank ye kindly, Biddy; 'tis a gran' sup, and no mistake. Here's success to the black Kerry that gave it, and more power to her. All the same, I wish I could catch the cow that gives the rale cream of the valley. May be better luck next time."

After searching the house, and before departing, the sergeant of the squad whispered into the ear of his superior a hint to the effect that they owed their disappointment to the timely warning conveyed by that young chap looking so innocent in the corner. " I seen him pop in just before us," said the surly non-commissioned one.

Without more words the officer passed out of the cabin, and shouting to his men, " Tis no go, home,"

—he and they soon disappeared over the low-browed hill as the sun rose high above the horizon.

The young man, who had given the alarm of the gaugers' approach, had sat a silent and admiring spectator of Biddy's happy and successful ruse, now burst into a merry laugh, and rose to go, saying :

"You're a mighty smart woman, Biddy."

"'Tis little credit I take to myself, Mister Denis, for bein' a match for iver a gauger that walked on two feet. The poor, pulin', unsignified fool thought he was a better man nor the smart chap was here before him. He believed that story, and swallowed ivery word I said about his ladin' us such a life. In troth, the bother he'll give us won't be much. At the same time he was nearly catchin' us nappin after all. Ye see, not carin' much about him, nor fearin' him much, we were slack enough—almost too slack. But a miss is as good as a mile."

"Aye," said her husband, "and yir not to forget who gave ye the wink in toime. Yir much behowldin' to Masther Denis, I think. For me I niver forget an injury, no more will I forgit this benefit, and many more good turns ye done us, Masther Denis, in your day."

CHAPTER II.

SMOOTH WATERS.

Bawnacoosheen, the comfortable home of Laurence O'Meara, would perhaps have been considered but a rough and ill-conditioned abode, from the standpoint of an English yeoman. Yet there was about the place an air of comfort, cleanliness and rude plenty, not too common, alas ! amongst the Irish peasantry of that period.

But O'Meara belonged to the well-to-do class of farmers, and there were not wanting signs of refinement, too, due to the gentle offices of his daughter Rose Ann, or, as she was more usually called, Rosie O'Meara.

To Denis O'Sullivan, Bawnacoosheen was the Mecca of his idolatry. In other words, here dwelt the sole object of his heart's devotion. Could he but call Rosie his, he would not even envy the Lord Lieutenant himself, for all his Castle and Vice-Regal Lodge, the splendours of which he had heard of from afar, as Pat Mahony, a neighbour's son, who had actually been to Dublin, described them graphically for the benefit of a select circle at the last wake in the village. Certainly in no place did domestic happiness reign more supreme than in the humble habitation of O'Meara. It was the abode of truest family affection, stronger nowhere in this world than in the homes of Erin. The rosy Irish girls, and vigorous strong-limbed boys, may have their quarrels now and then, as all children have ; but at heart they are devotedly attached to each other. Distance cannot weaken these ties, nor death sever them. Witness the self-denial of the emigrant who screws out of his hard-earned wages enough to support the weakly but unforgotten relative in the 'ould country,' or the scenes of wild grief over the grass-grown graves on Halloween in an Irish church-yard.

"Welcome, Denis !" shouted old Laurence O'Meara, as he saw the young man, some months after the events related, come up the "boreen" or avenue leading to Bawnacoosheen. "Welcome as the flowers o' May !"

By this hearty greeting on the part of the old man, Denis' mind was at once put at rest, for well he knew that no such welcome would

have been accorded him had not Laurence O'Meara viewed with favour a certain suit which he had presented but the other day. And why should not the old man look upon Denis as an acceptable son-in-law? To a man less in love than Denis it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world that Mr. O'Meara would have hailed with satisfaction an arrangement which must result in the ultimate union of the adjoining farms of Bawnacoosheen and Multycahir. Moreover, was not Theodore O'Sullivan the ancient friend and ally of O'Meara, and was it not the daily hope and prayer of the old man, that this very consummation should finally be brought about, and that the heir of one, and the heiress of the other should make a match of it? But true love is proverbially self-diffident, and Denis' heart beat a little wildly with uncertainty until he heard the cheery words of greeting with which the old man met him.

"'Tis glad indade I am to see your father's son, or yir uncle's nephew, I shu'd say, Denis; for your father, rest his soul, was dead when I was but a young chap, and I knew but little ov him. There's more nor me, too, will be glad to see ye," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. "I mane," continued he roguishly, "my son Matt that's come home from college this week. Ye mind the fine toimes yes had wid him last harvest! ye'll be all tuck up wid him. Rosie nor me will git ne'er a word in now at all at all. It will be all guns, and flys, and dogs, or may be sailin' and steerin', for I hear 'tis the great helmsman ye are now entirely."

"Never fear, sir," said the young man, nervously embarrassed. "It would be the ill manners of me to treat you that way, not to spake of the ingratitude."

"Matt!" shouted the old man. "Come downstairs, mabochlish: here's your ould school-fellow come wan arrand to see you. He was not long till he knew ye wor home agin."

"Well, father," said the son, peering over the banisters, "seein' as how 'tis only last night I arrived, it beats me to know how Denis could ha' known it so soon. But any way, it is right glad I am to see his honest face again."

Let not the reader suppose that these young people were irredeemably coarse and vulgar because they so frequently dropped into the modes of expression usual with their neighbours and dependents. The brogue with its peculiar idiom was their mother-tongue, and therefore natural to them; but they could at will express themselves in pure, not to say elegant English, thanks to the instructions of "Masther" Walsh, a whilom candidate for holy orders in the Roman Catholic Church, who for some reason or another had abandoned his first intention of the priesthood, and set up as a teacher of English classics and polite literature in the adjoining town of Ballydoheny.

The two young men were soon engaged in an animated conversation. They had been intimate all their lives, and had, therefore, much to say to each other on this their first meeting, after an absence of twelve months. Even the most casual observer, however, might have noticed that despite the interesting nature of their talk, Denis' attention seemed at times distracted, and his eyes turned constantly to the door, as though he were in expectation of the immediate entrance of some personage from that direction.

Nor had he long to wait. Fresh as the rose whose name she bore, and with just the slightest tinge of a tell-tale blush upon her cheek,

smiling and doing her best to appear unconcerned, in came the daughter of the house of O'Meara.

With what rapt and fascinated gaze did poor Denis follow every movement of the graceful girl as she deftly set about the task of settling the room into its normal state of neatness and of preparing the table for the mid-day meal. How pleased was he, when after the dinner was disposed of, and the things cleared away, an opportunity was afforded him of a quiet chat with her whom he might now venture to call his betrothed. For, encouraged by the hearty reception which O'Meara had given him that morning Denis had almost immediately upon his arrival, followed the old man afield to seek an interview with him upon the business that lay nearest his heart. The result was favourable, as the intelligent reader has doubtless already surmised.

Returning, Denis found Rose alone, to whom, after certain tender preliminaries, proper on such occasions, he thus opened his mind.

"Well, Rose, alannah, I spoke to your father, and it's all right. He had no objection at all, and my uncle has promised me the cattle with the bit of farm down at Knockbrady, and there, Rose, my own, we'll begin the world together better than our father and mother began it."

"Knockbrady can be made a beautiful home, and oh! Denis, how thankful I should be to the Holy Mother for this great happiness and comfort if it isn't the calm before the storm. For I'm much afraid that the anger of Heaven will be agin' me by reason o' me not enterin' the convint, and for sure, Denis, myself often thought 'tis a true vocation I had before I saw your face."

"Faix! Rose, jewil, to marry me is the best vocation you could have in the world wide. If you had been as happy as the day is long in the convent, sure 'tis better to make two people happy nor one, and sorra' a blink ov that same happiness would ever light the path of Denis O'Sullivan if your sweet face was shut up in stone walls. The divil would get me sure, if Saint Bridget got you, alannah! for to the dogs I'd go wid grief and black sorrow, forever hungering for the light of eyes that's more to me than life, and that I'd surely niver see more if once the Mother Abbess got the key ov your gaol in her hands. 'Tisn't in the nature o' sour looks like hers to be anything but hard. The dove shudn't be put in the power o' the kestrel, or heaven help the dove."

"Whist! whist! Denis, my lad,

"FRESH AS THE ROSE WHOSE NAME SHE BORE."

you must not—No—No. Do not speak so of the holy nuns. I know you don't mean any disrespect, but your light-hearted way of talking of sacred things makes me tremble sometimes. Say, darlin', you're not losing your faith? Sure now, vein ov my heart, you'd niver doubt the teachin' of the Holy Church? You know, Denis, to doubt is to be damned."

"Is it me father's son doubt the tachin' o' the Church? How many cousins and uncles have I in the priesthood, Rose, do you know? Sure it would be breakin' by kind, if I was to shew any disrespect to the clargy, not to speak o' doubtin' what the holy men tache."

"O think of poor O'Hannigan that has gone clean mad, and left his family all because he began to doubt, as people do say. But, Denis, it is talked about, too, that you are constantly wid that Shanvar O'Regan, and 'tis afeared I am that you'll get no good wid the likes o' him."

"Why, Rose, 'tis a haythen he is, poor soul. I hope 'tis no sin to pity the haythen, though Father O'Toole says they'll be all damned and they deserve it too. But the Shanvars are our neighbours. 'Tis true enough O'Regan goes to neither church, mass, or meetin'; but for all that he's not such a bad chap at all, at all. 'Tis all bekase of my having tipped him a warnin' word just in time to save him from being caught in the very act wid his house full o' potheen, that he sticks to me so close, and is niver content to go deep-sea fishing or duck shootin' widout me. I'm as good a pilot as he is now, or e'er a man on this coast. You may guess now how well I'm famed for that same, when I tell you that I tuck the squire up the Eddies the other day, and by the same token Larry M'Loughlin, my uncle's servant boy, was the disappointed man, for 'tis to him generally Mr. Smeyton looks for a guide. But the squire says: 'Denis, my boy, I hear you are the best pilot hereabouts now, so I'm goin' to take you with me this time.' You should have seen Larry's look whin he heard that I had been chosen instead of him. Troth, he made too much of it entirely, and seemed greatly put out. 'Tis myself wished he was goin' instead, when I seen he tuck it to heart so. Even afther I gave him the guinea which the squire always pays, he didn't seem half satisfied, but growled about taking the bread out o' a poor chap's mouth. Though he might well know it was none o' my doin', and the landlord can't be gainsaid any way, so go I did."

ON THE THRESHOLD.

The new year dawns apace;
  What of the night?
The battlers for the race,
  Won they the fight?
The laggard Time doth tread
On hosts of valiant dead;
  Right slain by might.

The old year heedless dies;
  What of the day?
A world for succour cries,
  Long on the way.
Through darkness, greed and crime;
When cometh that new time
  For which men pray?

Read backward through the years,
  Impatient soul!
More smiles and fewer tears
  While ages roll;
Truth leading still the van,
Man helping fellow-man,
  Illumes the scroll.

Then hail the coming day,
  And bravely press
Untroubled on the way;—
  Heal some distress,
And count as victory won
Each nearest duty done,
  And that shall bless.

THE ELDER'S SIN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER V.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe.
—*Milton.*

In its public sense Andrew Carrick's visit to Edinburgh was a great success. His cousin Cosmo was greatly pleased at the invitation so unanimously extended, and he gladly promised to preach at the opening of Port Braddon Free Kirk. He also gave Andrew good advice about the new communion service, and introduced him to a celebrated silversmith, who was a member of his own congregation. The buying of these altar necessities was an extraordinary affair to Carrick, and he had contemplated the offering for many weeks with an almost religious pleasure. For he permitted himself few extravagances, and this kirk offering was really to the unworldlike giver a very personal lavishness, the one largess of a lifetime.

After a careful consideration, he bought a very handsome service, and the money thrown off its cost by way of favour or discount he laid aside to the last bawbee as kirk money. For in this matter he had a quick conscience, and the thing he had mentally promised to give, he gave even with an overscrupulous generosity. He had, though, a kind of resentful consciousness in the matter. He felt as if he had not been used according to the stipulation which involved the service ; but he could not dispute with the Almighty. "Let him do what seemeth good in his sight." Truly He had given him the desire of his heart, but He had added sorrow therewith ; and that was not what Andrew had expected.

It was true that his cousin had received a unanimous invitation. It was true that a Carrick, and a Carrick whom he had helped into the pulpit, would preach the first sermon in the new kirk. It was true that Grahame would know and hear tell of this honour. But then God, in granting him his unspoken prayer, had permitted shame to come with it ; and all the glory of his spiritual triumph was darkened by his domestic disgrace.

And he told himself that in a matter of this world's favour, he would not so have creamed a kindness. He would have given with both hands, or not given at all. But God had given him honour with one hand and reproach with the other. Who could understand the ways of this inscrutably severe Jehovah ? So that in rendering to

* For the benefit of our new subscribers who have not read the early chapters of this story, we give them in brief outline :

Some fifty years ago there lived in Galloway, Scotland, Andrew Carrick, a Godfearing shoemaker, and his two daughters, Jeannie and Ann. The Carricks were of Covenanting stock. Andrew's "forbears" had been "out" with the Cameronians in the "killing time" and he himself had seceded with the Free Kirk. David Grahame, a neighbour grim and dour as himself, held to the Auld Kirk, and his son Walter was an unwelcome wooer of Andrew's daughter Jeannie. Walter was forbidden by Carrick to visit his house or speak to his daughter. But love laughs at locksmiths, and they continued to meet at byre and bleaching green.

A vivid sketch is given of Carrick's visit to Edinburgh and his taking part in the secession of the Free Kirk. On his return David Grahame bitterly opposed the erection of a new Free church, which made Carrick "gey ill to live with." He had the satisfaction, however, of seeing his young cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, invited to conduct the opening service of the

the last tittle the offering so conditionally made, he might—had he examined his heart — have discovered there a proudly conscious feeling of returning good for evil.

He remained a week in Edinburgh, but he never found a moment in which he could bear to take his cousin into his heart sorrow. Indeed, his hypersensitive honour for the welfare of the new kirk made him averse to darken the enthusiasm of the minister who was to open its doors with praise and songs of holy gladness. Perhaps—perhaps when all the services were over, he might crave a little sympathy for his own sore disappointment ; but he knew that even this hope was a faint one, because he was aware of that feeling of reticence about family matters which in the Scotsman is often as pronounced as in the Oriental.

Cosmo Carrick saw that his visitor was in trouble ; but he was too true a gentleman, and too good a minister, to seek for ungiven confidences. He knew well that spiritual consolation must be self-evolved to be of practical strength and use. And as yet Andrew was far from any confession of needing advice or sympathy. He bravely put aside all signs of his private anguish, and occupied himself entirely with the doings of the new Kirk, which, indeed, at that date was so full of wonderful energy and splendid generosities, that it was very possible to forget self in the enthusiasm of so vital a religious revolution.

Cosmo returned to the Lone House with Andrew ; and two days afterwards the Free Kirk at Port Braddon was consecrated to divine worship. There was such an immense congregation that there was no interval. From early day until sundown the voice of prayer and psalm and holy teaching and thanksgiving went up from the new altar. And Cosmo delivered three distinct sermons, because of the great crowd that had come to hear him preach, and who could not be otherwise satisfied. In other respects it was a wonderful opening. There was not a penny of debt on the kirk building ; and the new communion service, "the noble gift of Elder Carrick," stood in its pure, shining splendour upon the holy table within the rail.

It was indeed a Sabbath of good things,—a Sabbath long to be remembered ; and Cosmo and Andrew Carrick were the chief men throughout all its glorious hours. What a time of spiritual rejoicing it might have been to Andrew but for that dark shadow upon his hearthstone !

He had not seen Grahame since Jeannie's flight, and no one else had dared to mention the subject to him. Even Cosmo Carrick had only made one remark which in any way referred to it. When they gathered for worship on the first night of his visit, he said—

"I thought, cousin, you had two daughters ?"

"I have one daughter, cousin, only one."

new kirk, and was himself commissioned to go to Edinburgh to purchase the silver plate for the communion service.

On the eve of his setting forth on this commission Jeannie Carrick disappeared, and sent a letter saying that she had married Walter Grahame and sailed for Australia. Andrew Carrick shut himself up in his room for six-and-thirty hours, pacing the floor and having a controversy with his Maker. In that time he aged ten years. "Dinna you daur to name this subject to me again," said Andrew to his daughter Ann, "never!" But Ann received a letter containing a tress of Jeannie's hair, with the words, "Nannie, Nannie, dinna forget Jeannie ;" and she kept her troth to her dying day.

Though his heart was breaking, Andrew Carrick set forth for Edinburgh to complete his high commission. Here the fifth chapter takes up the tale.

The author has re-written this story since it first appeared in outline several years ago, and has expanded it into one of her longest, strongest and best tales.

And when Cosmo heard Andrew's stern voice, and saw the tears falling from Ann's dropped eyes, he divined that even in that simple, pious home sorrow had found herself a dwelling-place.

Nothing further was said on the matter. Cosmo knew that it was some hand crueller than death's which had robbed his cousin's home-fold; but as Andrew did not complain, he could neither counsel nor sympathize. The two men visited together all the spots sacred to the memory of the Covenanters, and went down to the famous sea caves, and even far out to sea in one of the fishing smacks, and they had much cheery spiritual conversation ; but with a Spartan courage Andrew held his robe tight over the wound in his heart, and bore the suffering as best he could.

Then in a few more days Cosmo Carrick went back to Edinburgh, and Andrew was practically alone with his sorrow. For Ann had many duties to employ her hands all day long, and she felt also that her presence was no relief to her father. He did not talk to her of Jeannie, and she was sure that he still blamed her for not keeping a stricter guard over her sister. The feeling might be an unjust one, but it was there ; and Ann was quite aware that she could neither reason nor explain it away. So in these days there was a cold and painful want of confidence between Ann Carrick and her unhappy father.

Andrew had indeed taken his place on his bench, and he was trying with all his might to find comfort in his work. But shoemaking is thoughtful work ; it gives heart and brain free and full time for feeling and for thought, and Andrew woefully missed the sound of Jeannie's wheel and her bits of broken chatter—chatter that he had been once wont to say "bothered him." He could follow out his trains of thought now ; there was no Jeannie with lilting song or restless movements to disturb him.

But oh ! how he missed her ! His ear ached for her voice and her footstep. And when he looked around and saw her place empty on the hearth-stone, the vacancy was like a blow upon his heart.

He could not bear to sit long in the house-place and sew and peg at his bench. He always grew restless in an hour or two, and then he went into the garden and tried to work among the pot-herbs. There was a little border of flowers that had been Jeannie's pride and sole care. It was full of pink daisies and pansy blooms, and the roses were blooming again. But where was Jeannie ? Oh, where was she ? All Andrew's gardening ended in such reflections. Then he would walk to a stone wall enclosing the place, and, leaning on it, look miserably over the tossing sea waves.

One morning he was in the garden. He had tired himself with weeding, and was standing restfully leaning against his rake. A boy entered the gate and gave him a letter. It was from Elder Scott, advising Andrew of a kirk session extraordinary, to consider the call of a minister for the new kirk, and requesting him to be present at two o'clock.

He was rather glad of the distraction, and yet he feared the visit to Port Braddon. He knew that sooner or later David Grahame must be faced, and, indeed, that the whole subject of Jeannie's marriage in its relation to the public was yet unsettled. That circumstances had delayed it so long was wonderful, and it gave him some pleasure and strength to believe that God had purposely ordered this delay, in order that the services of the sanctuary at least should not be shadowed by his

domestic misfortune. And there was such a breath of God's favour to him in this reflection, that it sensibly nerved and calmed him for whatever the afternoon might bring. The kirk session proved to be a very stormy one, and Andrew was amazed to find that his wishes and opinions were held in very small respect. Indeed, he was certain that some who were present took a positive pleasure in thwarting and opposing whatever he proposed. This attitude toward him was so unusual and so unexpected, that Andrew was hurt and silenced by it. And then he remembered what had happened in his family, and his heart ached and burned, and he felt as David felt when his own familiar friend in whom he trusted, and from whom he expected pity and love, lifted up his heel against him.

Yet this manner toward him was only the very natural reaction to the decided prominence given to the Carricks in the opening ceremonies. "We hae enou' o' them Carricks," was the private opinion of many who had been the most fulsome in their respects and civilities. But Andrew was not aware of this feeling, and his knowledge of human nature was limited. He did not understand that the average man and woman always long to pull down the idol they set up; and that wherever they praise publicly, they are sure to take the first opportunity to unsay their words of commendation.

Andrew's nature was too honest and primitive to look for the real feeling beneath the evident one, and therefore he at once concluded that all the covert insults he received were the open expression of the disgrace which Jeannie had brought upon his hitherto spotless name. And oh! how hard it is to be wounded in the house of one's friends! These men should have held his hands, and looked comfort into his eyes, and strengthened his heart, and instead of that, they smote him right and left with scornful shrugs and slights of every kind.

He left the kirk vestry then in a state of suppressed indignation. He felt that he had been wantonly and purposely offended. But how can a man complain because he is not honoured enough? Should he do so, what eyes of wonder! What insulting explanations! What covert reproofs he would invite! Andrew bore the changed faces of his brethren as long as he could, but finally said,—

"I am sae far in the minority, brethren, that I will not require to sit oot the session, forbye I hae a great sorrow o' my ain, and am not in the way o' giving counsel. Sae, if Elder Scott will tak' my chair, I'll awa' to my hame. For I need to kneel in God's council-chamber, far mair than to be sitting in that o' the kirk's. Well, then, I'll bid you a gude-afternoon, and may His wisdom guide you to a right choice."

Perhaps his full heart had hoped thus to win a few words or even looks of sympathy. But he might as well have spoken to the table as to the men who were sitting round it. Elder Scott thought in his heart that "Carrick might for once keep his ain affairs outside the kirk's business." Others were aggravated by the plea for sympathy they could not give; and some even felt that it was a good thing for Andrew Carrick's pride to be humbled a wee.

Altogether the various members of the session saw him depart without any kind feeling. As the door closed behind him they glanced unstandingly at one another. They had managed by some unspoken compact to thoroughly humiliate him, and to make him feel that any previous honour shown had been because he could be serviceable to

the kirk, and a convenience to themselves. Dimly sensitive of this wrong, Andrew mounted his pony in a whirl of outraged feeling and —" O Jeannie ! Jeannie !" his very soul cried out, half in anger and half in amazing pity, for the suffering and shame she had brought to him.

As he went slowly down the main street he met David Grahame. Grahame, indeed, had been watching for him. He had been in Glasgow and Liverpool looking for his runaway son ; and he had neither found him, nor yet obtained any satisfactory information regarding his destination. He was now ready for Andrew. He was full of anger and bitterness, and the sight of Carrick riding calmly home from the kirk session was more than he could endure. Into the middle of the street he ran, and seizing Andrew's bridle, he shouted,—

" Weel, you auld sinner, do you ken that your daughter has run awa' wi' my son Walter ! A nice kind o' a lass, to beguile a decent lad ! Think shame o' yoursel' and of a' belonging to you !"

" I ken weel that my daughter —against my express commands— has married Walter Grahame. I did my best for the lass ; but the wicked will go to the wicked."

" Then, you, your ain sel' of a' men, will go to destruction. And you may be very certain, there is little marriage in the matter. Walter isna sic a fool as to marry a light lass like Jeannie Carrick. What for should he ?"

" If you daur to say the like o' them words again, Grahame, I'll lay my whip across your face. You blackguard, to defile a woman's good name !"

" Lay your whip across my face ! You will, will you ! Do so, and I'll have you put under lock and key for assault, Elder Carrick ! You ! You straight frae a kirk session in your new-fangled kirk ! You ! You ! threatening honest men wi' a horsewhip ! A bonnie Free Kirker you are, Elder Carrick ! Think shame o' yourself !"

" I do think shame o' mysel' for breaking a word wi' the like o' you. Let go my beast."

" I'll hold him as long as I want to hold him, and I'll mak' you listen to whate'er I want to say."

" Vera weel ; I can bide your time, say the worst word in your sinfu' heart. I'm no' heeding it." And Carrick shut his mouth tight, and, gazing over the tossing waves at the harbour bar, seemed, in his concentration of soul, to have closed both eyes and ears.

A crowd speedily gathered around them—a crowd of idle boys and idle women, whose sympathies were decidedly with the more offensive and belligerent Grahame. They stood around gaping with open eyes and mouths, and tittering laughs, while Grahame mocked both at Andrew's piety and Jeannie's virtue. Passionate words of hatred and scorn lashed Andrew like whip-cords, and he suffered in this public exhibition agonies which no mortal words could render.

But calm as a man of stone Andrew Carrick sat, while the storm of insult beat around him. The mouth, which always betrays a weak man, only indicated on Andrew's face a gathering together of will and purpose. It grew tighter, but it never trembled. At length a man in the crowd cried out :

" Grahame, dinna choke yoursel'. You'll be having a fit. Let the ould Whig gae. His daughter isna worth the words you are spending on her."

" Even sae," answered Grahame. " You are mair than right, Sandy Malcolm. And it is weel kent that the light-o'-love hussy is only paying her father back the wage he

has earned. I'll tak' your advice, Malcolm," and with a parting epithet of inexcusable infamy and a chorus of foolish laughter, Andrew was released.

For Grahame saw that it was becoming every moment more impossible to move his victim from the position of a "noble not caring," which Andrew had taken ; and also that the better class of citizens were deciding in Andrew's favour. He, therefore, judged it best to cease while the popular feeling was with him. He had no wish to turn his attack into defeat. As he said afterward to his family, "Bairns, it is a grand thing to know when you hae said the last ill word you can safely say."

As soon as he found his bridle loose, Andrew rode away without deigning to give Grahame a word or even a look. He went at his usual slow pace, and spoke to several acquaintances in his ordinary quiet manner. But oh ! the volcano of rage and shame and hatred in his soul ! In that hour Andrew Carrick had a revelation as to the possibilities of suffering of which the soul is capable, and which all of us occasionally get glimpses of in our dreams.

Most men would have relieved their feelings by hard riding ; but hard riding or physical exertion of any kind was no relief to this man in his extremity of mental anguish. Trouble had to be spiritually fought out with Andrew, and repose and solitude were necessary for this strong conflict. Still, there was an intense human element in Carrick's deepest nature, and this element in such an hour of bitterness craved some human sympathy.

As soon, therefore, as he reached the covert of his own home, his natural craving overpowered for a time all other ones, and Ann, coming in from the byre, found him sitting on the hearth with his head bowed in his hands, and sobbing with all the abandon of a sorrowful and injured child. It was a strange and pitiful sight. In a kind of terror she knelt down beside him, able only to say, "My father, my dear father ! Whatever grief has come to you ?"

Broken-hearted, indeed, Andrew Carrick must have felt ere he could humble himself to seek consolation from any woman. 'God's strength through my ain strength," had hitherto always been sufficient for him. He could have gone to a fiery martyrdom leaning on this staff. But the shame and insult which had come to him that afternoon, both in the session and on the public street, were different things.

In a fiery trial of his faith he would have had the sympathy of angels and of men, and the promise of a crown of life everlasting. But this was a fight with foes so mean and so cruel, that even victory over them was such a shame and pain as he was then experiencing.

He felt constrained to tell Ann all about this trial ; all its wrongs and all its shame and scathing insult. And Ann wept with him. She suffered in all her father had suffered. She winced and shivered at the stings and arrows of cruel speech which Andrew had taken with an apparently stoical indifference. But she indignantly repudiated Grahame's insinuations against her sister's virtue and honour.

"Jeannie may have run awa' to get married," she said sadly ; "but Jeannie is married ; I am sure of that, father, as I am sure of death itself."

On this positive statement she took her stand, and Andrew grew calmer and stronger under her assertions ; but yet when she laid the Bible upon the table for the evening exercise, he would not open it.

"My soul is full of hatred and all uncharitableness, Ann," he said. "It would be like touching the ark with unclean hands. I shall hae to stand afar off this night. There is only one prayer for me, and I dinna feel as if I can say it yet."

Very early in the morning Ann found him saddling his pony; and he answered her look of astonishment and inquiry thus:

"I am going to find oot whether Jeannie is married or not, Ann. I am going to find that oot, if I have to go to Australia for the facts."

"Jeannie is married, father. Jeannie has been selfish and disobedient, but she isna a wicked woman. I'll let no one say that to my face; no, not even you, father."

"I'll need to hae the facts. If I dinna come back in twa weeks, you will find a letter in my room anent siller and the like o' that."

"But hae your porridge, father," —and then Ann could not keep back her tears—"and say a kind word to me before you go, father."

"I canna eat a mouthfu', Ann. As for yoursel', my dear bairn, may God bless you! You have been a good daughter to me a' the days of your life."

He drew her to his side a moment and stroked her head, then with a dark, sorrow-stricken face, he mounted his pony and rode away.

In less than a week he was home again, and when he was yet a long way off, Ann knew from his bearing that he had been successful in his journey. This time he did not consider it necessary to dally with his good news, for as soon as Ann met him he said,—

"You were right, Ann. Grahame is wrong. I hae not a doubt anent Jeannie's marriage now."

"I never doubted Jeannie's marriage one moment, father. Jeannie isna wicked."

He turned on her passionately, and cried out, "What is that you say? Jeannie is just the maist wicked lass that I e'er heard tell o'."

"Ither lasses have run awa' to be married, father."

"Ither lasses doubtless hae run awa' to be married. But nae lass e'er had such boundaries to break through, and such ties to burst asunder, as Jeannie Carrick had—ties which go back through centuries and which reach upward even to her mother in heaven. Never name her again in my hearing. An' set by that wheel and stool whar I'll never set my eyes on them mair."

The next day he went into Port Braddon and sent the bellman round the town with the following information:

"This is to give notice—Jeannie Carrick, of Port Braddon parish, youngest daughter of Andrew Carrick, of Carricks, and Walter Grahame, of Port Braddon, were married on the twenty-fourth of April, by the Rev. John Ker, of St. Andrew's Kirk, Glasgow."

Grahame laughed the notice to scorn. "It is a lie," he cried, "a lie all through." He ordered the bellman to desist. Andrew, who was by his side, commanded him authoritatively to proceed. They were soon followed by a crowd, and the contention grew so fierce that some of the respectable citizens interfered.

"Carrick is putting a lie through the town!" shouted Grahame.

"It is the truth," answered Carrick.

"Let him prove it! Let him prove it!" a chorus of voices demanded.

At this moment a douce, spruce little man stood forward. It was the Earl of Galloway's factor. He touched Andrew civilly, and said, "Mister Carrick, show your proofs, and put an end to this disturbance."

"I saw the marriage in the kirk registry. I spoke wi' the minister

wha married them. I should think that was proof enou'."

"You will hae a copy of the registry, doubtless?" asked the factor.

"No." Andrew had only thought of satisfying himself. "I took no copy of what is safe and sure," Andrew answered dourly.

Now, the factor hated the Free Kirkers, and he hated Andrew most of all. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders doubtfully, as he replied,—

"It is a great pity, Mister Carrick. You should have brought a copy of the registry. Plenty of folk would believe 'the lines' that will not take your word for them."

"I tell you, I talked with the minister wha married them."

"You didn't! You didn't! It is a lie altogether, friends!" said Grahame; and then turning to Andrew he added, "The truth isna in you, Andrew Carrick, and it never was in any o' the Carrick line."

Then in a moment Andrew lost control of himself. Passion blazed in his face, and imparted an incredible majesty to his person. His strength, really great, was enormously exaggerated by a rage almost supernatural in its intensity. He seized Grahame by the throat. He shook him as he might have shaken a child. He flung him dazed and breathless upon the ground at his feet. A movement of his arms scattered the crowd in a moment. Some of them carried Grahame to his home, the rest went up the street discussing the quarrel.

There was no fear of further interruption. Men kept well out of the reach of Andrew Carrick's strong arms. He escorted the bellman not once, but twice through the town, and when his duty was accomplished he rode slowly home. His anger carried him bravely past both friends and enemies. Indeed, he was in a mood to assure himself that he did well to be angry; and he passed the whole night in arguing the point clearly to this decision. When the morning came he had quite convinced himself that he had done right.

"And they will be queer folk that blame me," he said to Ann. There's few that would have endured such contradiction and ill-will from sinners as long as I have tholed it. And I am glad that I was strengthened to gie David Grahame the knock-down he ought to have had lang, lang syne."

CHAPTER VI.

By the thick night
When the darkness is deep and long!
He hath not forsook thee nor hated!
By His mercies I say,
The life which shall come shall be better
Than the life of to-day.
—*Koran.*

For several days there was a great quiet in the Lone House. The May storm beat against the windows and the pouring rain soon made the moor-road impassable. Even the highway running past Andrew's house was deserted, except by the postman and the weekly carrier, and by one chance rider whose personality and business Ann vainly puzzled herself over.

When the fine weather came again, it brought a measure of comfort to Andrew. No action had been taken concerning his assault on David Grahame, and he now felt sure that none would be taken.

"What for would they be checking me?" he said to Ann one day as they were eating their dinner together, nearly a week after the event. "Every ane o' them knew well I was right. They a' heard the evil tongue o' Grahame, and few o' them wad have borne it sae lang and sae patiently as I have done. It would be a fine thing indeed to check a father wha was just defending a woman's honour,

and that woman his ain daughter. Dinna you think sae, Ann ?"

"I think, nay, I am sure, you did quite right, father ; and nane can say the different word," answered Ann, with an air of impregnable conviction.

"As for David Grahame, he is just a stiff-necked, bad-hearted, bad-tongued creature ; and words are wasted on him. Jedburgh justice is a' such-like men care for—a word and a blow, and the blow first. Some men are aye bairns. They canna be reasoned wi'. There is naething for them but chastisement ! Naething !"

"I dinna think, father, that any good man or woman in Port Braddon will give you a word of blame."

"I dinna see how they can, Ann. It is a poor man or woman wha doesna stand by their ain—as far as they truthfully can."

But Andrew was mistaken. The popular sympathy was very much with Grahame. Walter Grahame was his father's only son, and the natural heir to the large business he had built up. Men thought a great deal of that circumstance. They could most of them put themselves in David Grahame's place, and feel with him. They never thought of Andrew Carrick as losing a daughter ; most of them considered that Jeannie Carrick had made a good marriage, and they had no doubt that privately Andrew was well satisfied.

Again, people rarely judge a cause by great principles. Personal motives of the meaner kinds are both judge and jury in such affairs as the quarrel between Carrick and Grahame ; and these were not far to seek. In the first place it is a dangerous thing to give gifts.

"He has gi'en a siller service to the new kirk, and so he expects to be held as aboon a' reproof," said the envious who had given nothing.

"And thae daughters o' Carrick's, they always did keep themsel's to themsel's, as if they were better than the lave o' folk ! It wasna right for them to sing songs. It wasna right for them to dance a bit reel. They couldna be out after the night came. They were just to be set as patterns and examples o'er us, I trow !"

"Andrew Carrick is an overly-righteous man. Nane but he and his were among the godly. I'm not displeased that his pride should have a tumble. A cross-grained man he was, and never a smile on his lips for anybody."

"And that set up wi' himsel' about his cousin's preaching ! You wad hae thought there had never been a sermon preached in Port Braddon before that Sabbath day. Did you see the face on him as he went round wi' the plate ?"

"Ay, did I ! It was enough to mak' folk break the Sawbath, and break the peace, e'en in the kirk itsel'. Thae Carricks ! I have heard my father say 'Carricks all haud themselves like a sermon.' It was always 'you shouldna do this—or you should do that.' Now they can sit themselves down a wee, and think o'er their own short-comings."

"And the pride o' the creature ! The Grahames are aboon the auld shoemaker's kind, I wot weel. David Grahame has a big business to his name, and Walter—the handsome lad—was his one son. I feel sorry for Grahame, and I think he had a gude right to speak his mind."

"I wouldn't wonder if Carrick himsel' kent weel enough what was going on between his daughter and Walter Grahame."

"He couldna help but know it. Peter Lochrigg told my man that

he had seen the young things colloguing together for a year at least. And it isna to be believed that Ann Carrick wasn't 'in' the affair from beginning to end."

"I think Peter Lochrigg ought to have told Carrick what he saw and thought."

"What for then? If he had daured to suspicion Andrew's daughter, he wad have angered the auld man. And you ken Peter is a tenant of Andrew's, and at his will from quarter to quarter. He left Carrick to order his ain household. Few men hae a grander idea o' their capabilities that way. I don't blame Peter for not interfering in Carrick's household."

"Neither do I. He would have got small thanks and much ill-will for his pains and pay wha did."

Thus and so the whole little community discussed the quarrel between Grahame and Carrick. Scarcely a voice was raised in Carrick's favour. He had always committed the unpardonable sin of being in many respects better than his neighbours. He paid his debts promptly, a thing other people did not do. He would suffer no gossip, much less slander, in his presence, "as if folks could always talk of religion." His industry shamed the idle; and his strict temperance was a constant reproach to those who liked a nearly constant glass of toddy. His generosity to the kirk, and his charity to the poor, made the selfish and avaricious uncomfortable; while the purity of his morals offended those who were less pure. Indeed, his very gifts in prayer and exhortation were causes of envy.

In the neighbourhood of the slanderous, the lazy, the selfish, the immoral, and the hypocritical, how could such a man expect to have friends? Now the good Andrew Carrick had made a slip! Now his daughter Jeannie had made herself a town-talk! Oh, how good a thing it was to everyone! Even the better class, and the very kirk-goers, felt it to be a pleasant thing to shake their heads, and sigh, and quote Scripture against poor Andrew Carrick in his sorrow and his misfortune.

So that when Grahame was able to bring his enemy before the magistrates, the whole feeling of Port Braddon was against Andrew. Grahame had strong personal influence; and the Earl's factor was almost all-powerful in civil matters. He had helped Grahame to torture Andrew beyond endurance, and he now stood shoulder to shoulder with Grahame in his prosecution of Carrick for "assaulting David Grahame."

Many witnesses were examined, and all of them described Grahame's words as "a wheen angry words no worth the minding." Andrew could only find one man who had seen the quarrel as he saw it, and this was the poor bellman.

"The bellman!" cried Grahame's lawyer with scorn. "The poor creature was more than half-drunk, as he always is; the condition is chronic with him. Your Honour will not find him any other way twice in a twelve months."

It was, after all, but a sham trial, for the semblance of justice was not strong enough to put aside personal and party influence. For even the magistrate was prejudiced against Andrew as a Radical in politics, and a Free Kirker in religion. So Andrew's decided retaliation to Grahame's "wheen angry words" was considered an unjust one.

"Words for words are fair currency," said the judge; "but if a man answers words with blows, he must pay the penalty." A very heavy fine was imposed on Carrick, and he had also all the expenses of the trial to meet; added to which the magistrate thought it

within his duty to reprove Carrick for setting such a bad example of lawlessness :

"A man of your standing, Mister Carrick," he said sternly, "is looked up to ; and I am sorry to say you have disappointed your friends, and given an evil precedent to the young men of Port Braddon. A kirk elder before the bar for assault is not a gratifying sight to any respectable citizen."

Andrew did not open his mouth in reply. He had gone into court prepared for this result, and he dourly took a canvas bag out of his pocket, and laid down the sovereigns with the air of a man who had been allowed a certain satisfaction, and was now willing to pay for it. Every gold piece that dirled on the oak table had its say and expressed for Andrew in its very ring the unmitigated scorn he felt for the whole travesty of justice. Indeed, he managed to make a great many people feel very uncomfortable, and to effect a swift though useless doubt as to the fairness of his treatment.

Then he went home without a word to friend or foe. Those even who felt a shade of regret or kindness did not care to disturb the set antagonism of his resentful countenance. He rode back to the Lone House very slowly. It was raining and blowing, but he felt neither the rain nor the wind. Little did he care that his clothing was wet through ; for the sting of his troubles was spiritual, and mere creature discomforts had no power to annoy him.

It was because God—his God—had hidden his face from him that reproach had broken his heart; and as he let his pony carry him homeward at its own pace, he was saying over and over to his sorrow such verses from the fifty-seventh and sixty-ninth and other Psalms as suited his ideas of his own condition.

Ann saw how it was with him. She persuaded him to change his clothing, and made him a cup of tea, and then she sat down by his side, in case he wanted to talk to her of what had happened. But that night he said nothing to his daughter. After refreshing himself he took out his bank-book, and he had a very black hour with it.

Even the most generous men have fits of parsimony, and Andrew was not a generous man except when his religious sensibilities were touched. His face darkened visibly as he looked at his balance; for one thing or another had made a great void in the gathered gold of three generations. That night, after adding to all his other unusual expenses the amount which David Grahame had cost him, Andrew Carrick felt himself to be a very poor man.

The worst part of his punishment, however, came from the ecclesiastical, and not the civil court. There was a special kirk session called to consider Carrick's case ; and though he was allowed to plead his own cause, he found no active sympathizers. All the members of the session, after listening to him, in more or less degree, refused to see any valid excuse for his conduct.

Elder Scott spoke for his brethren. He reminded Andrew that the new kirk was yet in its infancy, and that he had committed a great sin against its good name : "It behooved those set as fathers over it to be of irreproachable life and conversation. There had been a great scandal. It was very prejudicial to Free Kirk interests" ; and everything which Andrew had done for Free Kirk interests was quite forgotten in the one thing which was supposed to be inimical to them.

The new minister was particularly severe about the circumstance.

He was a young man fresh from his university, and he had all the callowness and pomposity of youth about him. Like the majority of young men he was inflated with the great things he was going to do, and blandly indifferent to all that others had done before him. Dr. Chalmers and "the great Four Hundred" had doubtless had their mission ; but this young man had an idea that it was mainly to prepare his way for him. He was completely hurt that such a disgrace should have befallen his first kirk, and he proposed that Mister Carrick should be deposed—he hoped temporarily—from his office as ruling elder.

The motion was solemnly carried. Not one present stood up to make a demurrer. Not one opened his mouth to remind the session that if Andrew had done the new kirk a wrong, he had also done it many favours—that indeed it owed its very existence in Port Braddon to the gifts and exertions of Andrew Carrick.

And Andrew was far too proud to speak a word on this side of the question for himself. He might truly have told the young minister that he owed his pulpit to Andrew Carrick, and the very power he was using against him to his generosity. And he did expect that some of his fellows would say a word of this kind for him. But eaten bread is soon forgotten, and no one present had a single memory of Andrew's great sacrifices of time and money for the new kirk which he was now accused of injuring.

Andrew was shocked to find how few friends he had. He had not thought of himself as a popular man, but he did think he was a man respected of his neighbours. He knew that he had never shown himself friendly or even social. It was true that he lived a life of such strict methodical piety and industry as the world would not have shared with him, however urgently he had asked it. But for all that, the world was angry at him. Why did he live a life different from his neighbours ? Why did he think a little daffing and dancing and scandal a waste of time ? And why did he live as if every moment of time was so much of the honest price of a grand eternity ? Why, in fact, was he better than the rest of the people ?

Could he not understand that those who will not do as others do are a living reproach to all who use life less worthily ? No. Andrew could not see why he should waste his time because others wasted theirs—why he should be envious and scandalous and deceitful because others were so. On the contrary, he thought it a kind of duty to show forth an example of strict piety and of a spotless life. And he had made a slip ! And his neighbours were chortling with delight because he had made a slip ! It was a triumph beyond their expectations, to show a man so austere, that a character like his —with a stain on it—had lost whatever value it had.

He accepted his degradation silently, but his eyes were wells of sorrowful reproach. Going to kirk, that had been such a joy to him, became an intolerable humiliation ; and he was almost weary to bear it, when one Sabbath morning the minister preached a sermon upon spiritual pride, so pointedly aimed at Andrew that no one could doubt its intention. It was the act of a silly young man, who was not yet able to follow the nobler way of his Great Head : "A bruised reed I will not break, nor quench the smoking flax." And, perchance, if the words had been said in private to Andrew, he would have shown the youth his error, and then forgiven him. But the pulpit was used to give weight to puny personal disapproval, and Andrew had

to bear his reproof under exceedingly aggravating circumstances.

With a sorrowful bitterness no words can describe, Andrew resigned his office in the kirk. It was an impolitic action, and subjected him to further unkind and unjust criticism. One elder, indeed, told him plainly to his face that "it was weel kent he had left the kirk because he wasna counted worthy o' being set up first." Others, who had no familiarity to warrant their interference, thought it to be their duty to advise or to reason with him. And not a few were thoughtless or cruel enough to use his disobedient child as an evidence that he couldna be altogether right, and that even in his own household there was a necessity to make inquiry into the way he had guided it.

The minister had said—with many regrets—that "Mister Carrick was self-righteous and impracticable"; and if the minister could say that much, what might not other folks say? There was, indeed, much evil talking, and much good talking that was evil in its intention; and Andrew felt that he could not bear to dwell amid this strife of tongues. If God would only hide him in His pavilion from it! And Ann heard him whispering pitifully as he walked about his silent house-place:

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.

"Lo, then I would wander far off, and remain in the wilderness.

"I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

"For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him.

"But it was thou, a man mine equal, mine guide and mine acquaintance.

"We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

But, alas, he could not add to David's complaint, David's wonderful consolation:

"As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.

"In God will I put my trust, I will not fear what flesh can do unto me!

"When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back; this I know, for God is for me.

"Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

But Andrew could not rest and wait till God should undertake his cause. He was impatient of the wrongs done him, and determined to express in some way the sense of deep injustice that had been done him. So, after many heart-breaking and sleepless nights of deliberations, he withdrew from the new kirk, and resigned his office as elder in it.

He did not in his heart believe that this resignation would be accepted. He did not think the new-born little kirk could afford to lose his help and influence; but he expected a movement so final would certainly bring him many visits of remonstrance from the members of the Session. In such personal and friendly visits, sitting at his own fireside, he was sure he could explain his position with a freedom not permissible in a formal meeting. And in such case he never doubted but he could convince a majority of the elders and influential men that he was innocent of anything worthy of blame. The question fairly put to them, he was certain every father would say, "that in the same circumstances he would have taken the same method to silence the slanderer of his daughter's honour.

But his letter of resignation was accepted with a formal compliment and regret, and there was no opposition to its taking immediate effect. Moreover, a son-in-law of David Grahame's was chosen elder in his place. He was a very suitable man, and there was, perhaps, no animosity in the selection ; but Andrew had established a raw on the subject, and he firmly believed James Semple had been appointed solely because he was Grahame's son-in-law, and therefore the successor most likely to wound and humiliate him. Alas ! he had no spiritual strength to fight these ever-increasing sorrows. He said to himself in a passion of wronged feeling, that it was "in vain he had washed his hands in innocency" ; and this attitude once assumed, he argued every word and action from its erring basis.

FORWARD.

Our readers will observe in this number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW how thorough is the amalgamation of its component elements. We are happy to have secured already contributions from nearly the whole of the editorial staff of our new partner the *Review*—from Dr. Carman, Chancellor Burwash, Prof. Badgley, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, Dr. Galbraith, Rev. A. M. Phillips, Dr. Rose ; also from Dr. Dewart, Dr. John Burwash and others, and we are promised contributions from the leading writers of Methodism. These contributions will be recognized by the initials of the writers appended to the reviews, or their full names to the articles. For all articles except those which are so signed, the Editor is responsible. The other articles must be understood as expressing the individual judgment of the writers.

We deem it better to thoroughly amalgamate the two uniting periodicals rather than to print a magazine and review separately within the same covers. We hope that all our readers will find every page of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW both interesting and instructive.

This MAGAZINE AND REVIEW shall be edited exclusively in the interest and for the advantage of its readers. It is they who pay for it. Through their patronage alone can it be made to exist. Their needs shall be kept prominently in view in the soliciting or acceptance of every article and the writing of every editorial line. The interests of contributors, of book publishers, or of the Editor are all secondary to this.

We shall call to our aid the skilled pens of the men of light and leading, the men of thought and action in our own and other Churches. We believe that these brethren will count it a great opportunity to speak words of weight and wisdom to the households of Canadian Methodism in its pages. All that concerns our Church life, our Christian growth and character, our social relations and duties, our privileges and obligations as citizens and subjects, we trust will receive counsel, encouragement and inspiration through their aid.

We stand as a Church and country on a glorious vantage-ground. Our fathers have laboured and we have entered into their labours. We are the true ancients.

> We are heirs of all the ages,
> Foremost in the files of time.

At the close of the grandest century the world has ever seen, and on the threshold of another unfolding glories no mind can conceive, we hope that our Church and nation will arouse to nobler living, to higher thought, to more earnest zeal. Oh for a voice of power to "speak unto the people that they go forward !"

If the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW could reach a circulation of ten thousand copies, it could be made, we think, one of the most potent agencies for righteousness in this broad land. To our brethren in the ministry—to the well-nigh two thousand faithful men in all parts of this Dominion—we make an earnest appeal. Give us your sympathy, give us your help, speak a good word for this periodical if you think it deserves it, and through the blessing of God this consolidated MAGAZINE AND REVIEW shall extend its influence and enter upon a career of growth and strength and prosperity not yet seen in our country.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY A. CARMAN, D.D.

"Gray's Laws and Landmarks of the Spiritual Life," one of the "Life Indeed" Series,* edited by W. L. Watkinson, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the series and of every book in it, opens up with great clearness the reality and supremacy of the "unseen" as contrasted with the "seen"; and leads the reader easily to the conviction that the spiritual is infinitely more important than the temporal.

If there is a natural body there certainly is a spiritual body. Faith is unquestionably a source of knowledge, yea, of the most positive and potent knowledge, and deals with the profoundest and solidest facts. It is indisputable: "Faith lends its realizing light; the clouds disperse, the shadows fly; the invisible appears in sight." Not mills and railways, banks, kings and crowns, objects of sense are the realities certain and enduring; but the objects of our spiritual vision, such as the energy and activity of the human race in its high purposes; society in its helpfulness, trust and love, and government in righteousness, justice and truth. Things are not what they seem; what they appear on the surface to the sensual, thoughtless, worldly, unpenetrating vision; but what they are in the deep principles and mighty forces underneath. Oh for a generation to seize the unseen, the spiritual; to lay hold on love, faith, simplicity, truth, internal power!

This book, which will help in that direction, is a collection of brief and incisive sermons on texts that stand like doors ajar inviting one to peer into the inner chambers and press along the corridors of our spiritual and essential being. There is a similarity in the general plan of the discourses, so aiding the memory, guiding the investigation, and deepening the interest in the theme. The style of the author is captivating, and considering the remoteness of his treatise from ordinary eyes, lucid and instructive. The opening sermon is very appropriately on "The Law of the Higher Vision," and those that follow develop the spiritual principles that govern the better life under such captions as the Law of Simplicity, the Law of Protection, the Law of Increase, the Law of Reverence, the Law of Hope, the Law of Charity, etc. It will thus be evident that the inner and unseen life is the principal and substantial life; and that what sense calls the real and substantial things are transitory and evanescent. The harmony of this view with the teachings of our Lord and of the Scriptures generally is strongly emphasized.

The difficulties of the subject are clearly presented, as the evil heart of unbelief; the influence of scientific research attempting to push the idea of the supernatural farther and farther away into the regions of the impossible or the unknowable; the influence of materialistic aims, as constant money-making and the talk about it, constant pleasure-hunting and the talk about it, and constant place-seeking and the talk about it.

Between the infidelity of the intellect on the one hand, and the infidelity of the flesh on the other, spirituality of perception and of feeling has a hard struggle. Notwithstanding this, the book sets out to make the thought of the unseen and eternal something more than mere poetry, something more than mere sentiment, something more than mere abstract dogma; to make it indeed a practical, experimental and constraining force. Priority and supremacy are given to the unseen: not first the seen but the unseen. The ship is not before the ocean, but the ocean before the ship. The unseen is not dependent upon the seen; but the seen upon the unseen. It is not that the air is in the bird, but the bird is in the air.

The sun exists in the midst of the unseen; there are two worlds, the world of sense and the world of spirit; and the world of spirit surrounds, enspheres and interpenetrates the world of sense. The unseen is sometimes concealed and sometimes revealed by the seen; as man on the one side with his ambition, lust and passion hiding the divinity within; and on the other side with his reason, conscience, helpfulness and love disclosing a Godlike character, yea, as if in nobility a very god. So it is our duty not to

* Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

stop short with the seen; but to pass beyond and look at the things that are unseen. When we look at the things that are seen and temporal, our trials seem heavy; when we look at the things that are unseen and eternal, they seem light. When we look at things seen and temporal our trials seem long; when we look at things unseen and eternal they seem but for a moment. When we look at things seen and temporal our trials seem to do nothing but harm; when we look at things unseen and eternal they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. So, indeed, is the view of the unseen a practical, actual, sustaining, resisting, protecting, impelling force; in the formation of character, in strengthening and purifying society, and in renovating and perpetuating the national life.

In this brief review we cannot notice the application of these suggestions to more than one of the laws of human life, the law of increase. This the author does under a text from Proverbs: "Where no oxen are the crib is clean; but much increase is by the strength of the ox": and enforces the principle involved, the vanity of the surface view and the emptiness of mere sight, the existence of the reality beneath the appearances and hidden by them, by reference to the industrial sphere, the domestic sphere, the ecclesiastical sphere, the mental sphere and the sphere of practical beneficence. It cannot be too strongly affirmed or too often repeated: "Things are not what they seem." "We live by faith and not by sight." The clean, neat stall may be most pleasing to the sense, to sentiment. The floor soiled and trodden by the oxen, the disorder and the litter may be offensive to the eye; but what of the ploughing of the land and the bringing home of the sheaves? The man is in the last degree foolish who because of the offence of the oxen's pen lessens his produce and impoverishes his purse.

In the Midland Counties of England, especially in the Black Country, was the loveliest of scenery, the swelling curves of the hills, the long perspective of the valleys, the graceful windings of the streams. But look at the country now, ploughed with railway tracks, torn with excavations, encumbered with heaps of rubbish; under the pall of smoke and amid the glare of furnaces scarcely anything lives and is green. Barbarism! vandalism! wilful desecration! cry sense and sentiment. But stay! Pierce the surface and go beyond. Here is man's power over Nature, in his ingenuity extracting and moulding the substances which Nature conceals in her heart. Black smoke makes white silver. Here is clothing for shivering forms and bread for hungry mouths. Here is the secret of England's greatness and world-wide trade. What lies under the surface is infinitely more and more precious than what appears at first sight.

Again, in the domestic sphere, who would not rather have the joyous children, though the carpets be threadbare, the books lost, the furniture scratched, the windows broken, than be bereft of the children and keep the plush of the drapery and the gloss of the rosewood?

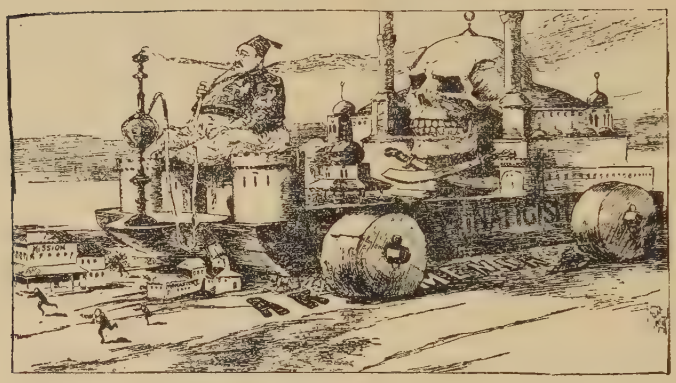
In the ecclesiastical sphere the disturbance of controversy removes misunderstandings, settles principles, discovers character and formulates beliefs; giving us the crystal afterflow of streams that were once turbid with flood, the verdant upgrowth from soil that once was torn by the earthquake. Peace may be bought too dearly. There are better things than peace, purity is better, truth is better. In practical benevolence we cannot be deterred and governed by outside appearances. To do any real good amongst the poor, the sunken and the vicious, we must penetrate the unpleasant and the impure. We cannot afford to keep clean garments and clean hands. These are not the chief care of the surgeon as he walks the battlefield with the sponge that wipes the blood and the linen that binds the wounds. Clean garments and clean hands are not the study of the rescue party as they enter the mine amidst the heat and soot and smoke of the recent explosion; nor of the sailor as he pulls to the wreck through a troubled sea that casts up mire and dirt, seaweed and ooze. Real, active, living, mighty men in all departments of life live beneath the surface, penetrate below what appears. Why should not the principle be allowed a place in our Christianity? With aptness of illustration, with vigour and beauty of language, with strength of argument and thought our author presses this idea home.

Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.

—*Lewis J. Bates.*

The World's Progress.

"ARMENIA'S LAST GASP."



STILL USES THE JUGGERNAUT.

The dreadful massacres in Armenia, like the Bulgarian atrocities of eighteen years ago, have excited the horror of the world. It is time, if the "unspeakable Turk" cannot protect his Christian subjects in Armenia, that he should give place to someone who can. It seems to be the part of England from the time of Cromwell to be the defender of the oppressed in every land; and England, or Russia, or both, should with a strong hand suppress and punish the nefarious Kurds who have pillaged and plundered, maltreated and massacred the hapless Armenians from time immemorial.

On his eighty-fifth birthday England's Grand Old Man uttered the burning words —"Don't let me be told that one nation has no authority over another. Every nation, aye, every human being, has authority in behalf of humanity and justice. I have lived to see the Empire of Turkey in Europe reduced to less than one-half what it was when I was born, and why? Simply because of its misdeeds and the great record written by the hand of Almighty God against its injustice, lust and most abominable cruelty."

Only last month, declining an invitation to address an Armenian meeting in Chicago, he wrote: "There are indications that the handwriting on the wall which warned one ancient despot of his coming doom, has again been traced visibly enough to betoken some approaching crash of a system of government far more impious and iniquitous."

The whole situation is involved in great difficulties. It is easy to say, "Oh for an hour of Cromwell!" but Cromwell did not have 200,000,000 of Moslems under his rule, who might be easily aroused to a fanatical revolt which would deluge the Indian peninsula in blood. Any government is better than none. The Turkish power is probably the only one which can restrain the murderous Kurds from the slaughter of every Christian in Asia Minor. English and Russian guns could make short work with the defences of the Dardanelles and Golden Horn; but the first shot fired would doubtless be the signal for massacre throughout every pashalic from the Bay of Smyrna to Mount Ararat.

To use the words of Mr. Gladstone "the execration of humanity should force itself upon the ears of the Sultan of Turkey, and make him sensible of the madness of the course he is pursuing or permitting." The solidarity of Christendom should be demonstrated, and every civilized nation, every Christian community should send its solemn protest against this reign of terror, this carnival of blood. It should do more. This morning's paper alleges that half a million of Armenians are either slaughtered or perishing of famine. Many thousands more will perish unless food is sent to

them at once. Large quantities are being forwarded, but more still is needed. In this crusade of mercy, the United States, Canada and every power in Europe can partake without awaking jealousy. It will give weight to their demands for justice, to their appeal to the moral sensibility, if any be left, of even the Sultan and the Kurds. It will cost infinitely less and be probably infinitely more effective than an armed demonstration. An Armenian Relief Committee should be organized in Canada, and a liberal contribution sent at this holy Christmastide to our suffering fellow-Christians in the mountains of Armenia.

That country has indeed had a hapless fate. One of the oldest countries in the world, a country rich and populous and powerful, it, like every other land that has suffered the curse of Turkish rule, is now desolate. At one time Armenia numbered at least 25,000,000 of people, but now not more than 5,000,000 remain in their native and well-beloved land, while 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 more are wanderers to and fro over the earth, sober, industrious, economical citizens of many lands and well-to-do in every country but their own. They would do well there also were it not for the Turks. The Ottoman Empire has proved itself a national curse, a sore, an ulcer among nations. One by one its subject races have risen in rebellion and have shaken off the Ottoman yoke. Perhaps in a short time, the Armenians will be as free as the Greeks or Bulgarians are to-day.

Armenia is a land so old in history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the first home of mankind. Historian, scientist and myth-gatherer all unite in the belief that somewhere in Armenia the human race first began. "Adam was an Armenian ; so was Noah, for his ark rested on Ararat. From Armenia began the dispersion of the nations, and all the legends of the early days point the finger back toward that singular land at the head-waters of the Euphrates and Tigris as a home of every nation that preserved a memory of its own origin."

Under even a passable form of government Armenia would be a singularly prosperous country, but the curse of Turkish misrule has blighted every hope of the inhabitants. Industry is checked, for no one knows the amount of taxes that will be required of him. Instances have been known of farmers who raised a hundred bushels of grain and saw eighty-five bushels carried off under the name of taxes, to feed a rapacious soldiery.

The Armenians now form only a small fraction of the population of the country they once called their own. Turks, Kurds, Persians, Tartars, savage tribes are all alike in one respect—that all are treacherous and bloodthirsty, and all are inspired by a bitter hate of anything Christian. The name seems to rouse among these savage peoples all the innate ferocity of untamed human nature.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's day !

Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

THE ANSWER OF CHRIST.

Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry ;
Patience is powerful ;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations.

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is ;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth !

At this holy Christmastide, when the echoes of the angels' song sound more clearly in our ears, rumours of war also fill the air. War may sometimes be a stern and a sad necessity, a war to defend the defenceless, to succour the oppressed, to restrain the pirate and brigand. Such a use of force is only the exercise of police authority among the nations. If the great powers could only be sure that

they would not cause more bloodshed than they seek to prevent, that they would not kindle a war wide-wasting that might blaze around the world, surely now if ever such joint armed interference would be justified on the Bosphorus.

But the air has also been electric with war talk between the two foremost Christian nations in the world, nations of common blood, of common speech, and of common faith. Surely such a war would be the greatest crime of the century.

The *Week* is one of the ablest journals in Canada. It is a credit to its editor, its publisher and the country. It is truly Canadian and patriotic, but sometimes we think inclined to be needlessly alarmist as to the future of Canada. A recent article, entitled "Delenda est Carthago," raises the ghost of an alleged inevitable struggle between Great Britain and the United States. That stalwart Canadian patriot, Principal Grant, promptly entered his earnest protest against harbouring or fostering such an idea:

"War between the British Empire and the United States," he exclaims, "whoever among us utters a word to invite so stupendous a saturnalia of folly and crime, let him be—I utter the word solemnly—Anathèma! . . The conscience of the American people, would—on the first opportunity given to them—hurl from power the political party that was guilty of so deadly a sin against all the hopes of the future. . . Our interests, our dignity, and our Christianity all alike demand that the provocation shall never come from us. Whatever others say or do we must keep our senses."

The Week asks why the Americans are building ship after ship-of-war, why they are letting contracts for gun-boats on the lakes, why they are concentrating troops within striking distance of Canada.

The United States has the smallest army that any nation of its size ever had—only 25,000 men scattered over an area of nearly half the continent. It does not become Great Britain, the possessor of the greatest navy the world ever saw, and working night and day to keep it more powerful than any combination of her foes, to complain of the infant navy of the United States, although some of the wisest men in that country protest against the waste of money incurred in its creation. The better class American journals wisely protest against discussing even the possibility of war with Great Britain. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* says: "The American people desire a war neither with Spain nor with Great Britain, and we have no patience with those Americans, whether senators or naval officers, who are indulging in such rabid talk in the newspapers. They do not represent the Christian people of this country."

The *Central Christian Advocate* speaks as follows of the coast defences of the United States: "It is somewhat humiliating to be reminded by General Miles in his annual report, that our coast defences are deplorably inadequate; that it is possible for any naval power to blockade every important port on the Pacific coast within ninety days; and it would take many years to make a successful resistance."

The American lake cities are also quite defenceless. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* writes as follows of the war talk: "Such talk amounts almost to a felony. All such talk should cease immediately. It is scandalous. We repeat it—England and the United States are naturally moral allies."

Inquiring what is the occasion for this military insanity, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "Perhaps the epidemic of Napoleonic literature has something to do with it; the new guns and the new ships of the United States' infant navy perhaps somewhat more."

Like one who scatters firebrands, arrows and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?" so is he who scatters the firebrands of war or fans into a flame the embers of international jealousy and hate. Let us as a nation as well as individuals follow after the things which make for peace. Let us not be alarmed by bruits of war. Let us do right and fear not. There is a Supreme Ruler of the universe who will make wars to cease to the end of the earth. Let us cultivate an ardent patriotism which, while loving supremely our own land, will recognize the excellences and the rights of other lands. While willing to die for our country, if needs be, let us also be willing to live nobly for it—and to make it worth living for.

The time was when knights-errant swaggered around in armour seeking to pick a quarrel with every other armed knight they met, to prove their manhood. To-day the true gentleman is a model of Christian courtesy, studious to avoid offence and respecting the rights of others. So should it be with nations, and so especially should it be with the diplomats and national representatives and the editors who do so much to mould the opinion of the nations.

It is not fanatical to believe that the promise applies to nations as well as to individuals, "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." It is not fanatical to adopt as a people, the sentiment of the Psalmist, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." We do not wish to have transported to the virgin soil of this new world the feudal militarism of Europe. The war-burdened nations groan in times of peace beneath a military oppression scarce less than that in the time of war. A German military authority states that mobilizing the French, German and Italian armies alone would cost $5,000,000 a day, to say nothing of the loss of life and destruction of property.

Let the pulpit, the press, the statesman and the patriot deprecate the spirit of war. Let us cultivate a spirit of international brotherhood which shall hasten the time, foretold by prophet and bard,

"When the war-drum throbs no longer
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man,
The federation of the world;"—

when

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred,
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Shall bear forevermore the brand of Cain."

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PEOPLE.

The Theological Conference at Victoria University during the last week in November has been a conspicuous success. It opens a view of new possibilities for our universities. In the eyes of many persons, these institutions of higher learning are impractical in their teaching and fitted only to turn out from their halls learned pedants. There never was a greater mistake. They mightily affect every grade of the community.

The mountain peaks that gird the horizon in Alpine lands, whose snowy summits shine afar, cold, remote and seldom trodden by the foot of man, yet nourish the mountain streams which water the valleys and join to form the mighty river systems of Europe. Not a herdsman on the mountain slope, not a milk-maid in the valleys, not a peasant on the far extending plains does not share the benediction of the mountains to the lowlands. The dwellers within the busy towns and villages of the Rhone and Rhine are all nourished by the melting glaciers of the far-off mountains.

So, too, our universities and colleges are not isolated and icy peaks, where a few choice spirits breathe the keen and difficult air of higher learning, which has little to do with the every-day needs of the multitudes, of whom few can know aught of college life except as beholding it from afar. The streams of knowledge flow abroad over all the many-peopled plains; and not a peasant at his plough, not a toiler at the forge, not a rustic urchin in the little log school, not a backwoods pioneer who reads his weekly paper or hears the Gospel at the cross-roads meeting-house does not reap the benefit of the diffusion of learning from the colleges and universities of our land. In the better preaching, the better teaching, the better books and papers, the more scientific agriculture and more economic manufacture which are in large part due to the trained mind, patient investigation, careful experiment and scientific investigation of our higher schools of learning, every member of the community is benefited.

A characteristic of the late Theological Conference was the eminently practical nature, as affecting the every-day life of the people, of many of the themes discussed. They were not dry and barren academic disquisitions, like those of the old schoolmen. They throbbed and thrilled with the life of this nineteenth century. Of course, theology had its place as the queen of all the sciences. But it had its place as affecting Christian belief and practice, and as touching the ethics of the counting-house and store, of the working man and working woman. No subjects were discussed with keener interest than those social and economic topics which affect the common life of the common people—the relations of the Church to capital, the Church and poverty, the morals of competition, equal suffrage, and kindred subjects.

It is a grand privilege in educational as well as in religious matters, to go up into a mount of contemplation, to behold the Truth transfigured before us, to rejoice in its pure white light, in its ex-

ceeding glory. Often we would fain make tabernacles and abide there; but it is the call of duty to go down to the plain, to mingle with suffering humanity, to solace its sorrows, to cast out its demons, to kindle afresh its hopes, to beautify and gladden its many responsibilities of daily life.

Such conferences create a new nexus between the people and the college. They are a true university extension. The audiences of the college grew in numbers and interest with the passing days, and showed the vital interest that is felt by our lay as well as clerical friends in Victoria University. We hope the Theological Conference will be an annual institution.

THE PRESIDENT'S WARLIKE MESSAGE.

The only topic in this lengthy document that specially affects us in Canada is the reference to the Venezuela question. The sentence reads: "The United States is bound to protest against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in the derogation of the rights, and against the will of, Venezuela." "This must not mean, we judge," says the *Outlook*, "that the President asserts that the British claims include such an enlargement." "Such an assertion," says the New York *Evening Post*, "is taking sides in the controversy and thus disqualifying ourselves for acting as arbitrator should we be asked to do so." It will be remembered that Mr. Blaine took such a position in the Behring Sea dispute, a position from which the United States had to retire.

The message of the President to the Congress of December 17th is a grave surprise to two continents. It seems to us to distinctly prejudge the case adversely to the contention of Great Britain. It in no wise lessens, but greatly aggravates the gravity of the situation, that leading European journals describe it as "a clever political trick"; as, "putting the Republicans in a hole"; as, requiring that they shall either approve of his attitude or else submit to the charge of lack of American patriotism. If President Cleveland or any American statesman could thus for party purpose fan the embers of international strife, he would be guilty of a most immoral and wicked act.

The misery of it is, that thousands of bar-room politicians and hundreds of irresponsible editors will proceed forthwith to the work of twisting the British Lion's tail from their safe seclusion, and doing their best to embroil two great and kindred people over the contested ownership of a few miserable miles of marsh and forest on the frontiers of a petty South American state.

The record of the United States in its conquest of Mexico is not altogether to its credit. Its best statesmen and moralists have most strenuously denounced it as an act of unwarrantable spoliation. Lowell makes "Bird o' Freedom Sawin" say:

> "Our country's bigger than their'n be,
> And so its right air bigger."

But were the question of boundary raised by Mexico would the United States be willing to submit it to arbitration? We trow not. As well ask Great Britain to submit to arbitration whether she would surrender a slice of Canada, as to ask her to abandon her loyal subjects within the boundaries of British Guiana to a foreign country.

Convinced we are that the sober judgment of the American people will recoil with indignation from the policy of kindling a fratricidal war which would be the most disastrous of modern times by making unjust demands such as no great nation could with honour accept.

Britain's enormous resources in money and men will enable her to preserve a judicial calmness amid baiting which might hurry a less powerful nation into war. She applies a surplus of $30,000,000 to reducing her national debt. This surplus would enable her to pay the interest of a loan of a billion dollars without increasing the taxation of the people. No other country in the world so controls the sinews of war. Her navy is greater than that of any two of her rivals, and her merchant marine is greater than all of them combined. Her fast passenger steamers are constructed with a view to being turned, if necessary, into armed cruisers. In her Empire of 260,000,000 are some of the most warlike races in the world. She possesses coaling stations in every sea and harbours on almost every shore. "A nation in such a position is not to be easily bullied or frightened. There is no nation or any possible combination of nations which could afford to pick a quarrel or try conclusions with her." "Defence not Defiance," is the motto of the grand old Motherland.

CURRENT TENDENCIES IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

In the field of theology no one event or work stands out distinctively. We have had no Œcumenical Council, no World's Congress of Religions, and no single book which is likely to mark or make an epoch in the history of Christian doctrine. But four great tendencies in theology are distinctly marked and make themselves evident in all the theological literature of the year.

The first is the pre-eminence of Biblical Theology. This is indeed not a movement of the year, but of the age. The importance and magnitude of the movement can only be appreciated by one who will look back in the history of our Christian schools and literature for say fifty years, or even much less. They were schools of dogmatic and philosophical theology rather than of biblical theology. The completion of the Revised Version marked an important culmination of this movement in the learned world, and since that date it has made wonderful advances into the thought and conceptions of the great body of intelligent Christian people. The movement has been one not simply of return from speculation to Scripture, not merely back to the Book, but back to Christ, and to his Apostles who wrote the Book. The abandonment of the old isolated proof-text system, and the study of Scriptures not for the support of dogma, but in its historical unity and divinity, in its gradual apprehension by inspired men and by God's elect, as the unfolding of God's will to humanity, this is the characteristic which is now touching our very Sunday-school literature, and refashioning all our Christian thought and life.

A second important movement resulting from the first is the return to the personal Christ in Christian life. The old form of evangelicalism, which had become almost a mere verbal and logical formalism, a learning to accept and repeat the cant phrases of the language of Canaan, is being abandoned by the thoughtful part of the Church for a broader and deeper spiritual conception. Faith in Christ can be no longer conceived as a mere saying, even sincerely, "He died for me," or, "He paid my debt." It must mean the far deeper and broader act of taking him as the Lord and Master, the example and guide of all my life, the object of my heart's deepest love and loyalty as well as of my trust for salvation. No better example of this in the literature of the year can be found than in Dr. Joseph Agar Beet's "New Life in Christ."

Two other marked tendencies exhibit the result of practical science on our religious thought and work.

The first is the appearance of economics and ethics in practical combination in the discussion of large fields of practical Christian work. The problems of poverty, of competition, of labour, of education, of intemperance, of social impurity, of political corruption, etc., are forcing themselves upon the Christian Church, and men are beginning to feel that the key to their solution should be found in religion. Writers like Dr. Dorchester, Behrends, Gladden; workers like Parkhurst, Farrar, Hughes, Booth, and a host of others, are addressing themselves to this work; and earnest, impartial, truth-seeking science is adding largely to the power of Christian zeal and Christian principle by guiding to a permanent and true solution

The same remark is true in the great field of missionary effort. The philanthropic movement and the missionary movement have been the crowning glories of our century. They have revived in large measure the apostolic earnestness and zeal and love, but sometimes without the apostolic common sense and breadth of sympathetic spirit. When Paul went forth on his missionary journeys he looked with profound insight into the religious heart and religious institutions of the peoples to whom he brought the Gospel, and he appreciated and appropriated and worked out from any latent or lingering element of truth or greatness which he might find there. The bringing to bear upon our missionary work of a broad and sympathetic study of comparative religions is an indication that the Church is coming nearer to the apostolic model in these respects. A science which has sometimes been pursued in a spirit of antagonism to Christianity may finally contribute to crown Christ Lord of all.

A TONIC FOR PESSIMISM.*

The story of a nation's religious life is the most important of all records of its progress. That story Dr. Dorchester has told of the United States in this goodly volume. He is a master of patient research, of philosophical inquiry, and of lucid exposition. He describes first the Colonial period, narrating the introduction of both Roman Catholic and Protestant Christianity into New England and New France. The greater part of the work, however, is given to an account of the National era, from 1776 down to the present time.

He pays a deserved tribute to those brave Jesuit missionaries, Lalemant, Breboeuf, Jogues and other pioneers of religion—as heroic martyrs as any in the annals of Christendom. His recognition of their merits, however, does not blind him to the errors of their doctrine and to the often malign influence of their Church.

The chief interest, of course, centres in the progress of the Protestant Churches in the United States. He gives a graphic picture of the religious life of New England in the early days, full of quaint and curious information. It was the period of long pastorates. Of 271 pastors in Massachusetts in 1776, one had a ministry in the same parish of over 70 years; 21 between 70 and 60 years; 51 between 50 and 60 years; 66 between 40 and 50 years; 62 between 30 and 40 years, and only 14 under 10 years.

An article in this magazine from an able contributor will give an account of some of the peculiarities and humours of early Puritanism in New England.

The modern pessimist, who looks back upon those early days as the Golden Age, will find little to corroborate his views in this volume. The testimony as to the drinking habits, social immorality, superstitions, servitude and slavery, political bitterness, infidelity and vice prevailing will show what marked progress has taken place in Christian civilization.

Take the drinking customs. In 1678, at the funeral of a minister's widow in Boston, fifty-one gallons of wine were consumed. At a funeral of a minister at Ipswich, a barrel of wine and two barrels of cider were also consumed. A funeral was often an occasion of drunken riot. Wine or rum was even furnished at paupers' funerals, till the General Court had to prohibit their use. The Derry Presbyterians never gave up a "pint of doctrine" or a pint of rum.

"Of the goodly men of old Derryfield,
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish and their only prayer,
For the present world and the world to come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."

For forty years after the Revolutionary War intemperance was the most striking characteristic of the American people. In 1792, with about four million population, the United States had 2,579 distilleries and consumed two and a half gallons of spirits for every man, woman and child.

Duelling was another glaring evil of those times. It had become a great national sin. With the exception of a small section of the Union, the whole land was deeply stained with blood. From the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico were heard the cries of lamentation from widows and the fatherless. This flagrant crime was often committed by men high in office—the appointed guardians of life and liberty. Challenges passed within the halls of Congress, and a duellist was nominated and by a large majority elected to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. "We had become," says Dr. Dorchester, "a nation of murderers by tolerating and honouring the perpetrators of the crime."

The food, clothing, housing of the people was vastly inferior to that of to-day. The penal system was one of abominable cruelty. For fifty years after the Revolution Newgate prison in Connecticut surpassed the horrors of the Black Hole at Calcutta. The description is almost too horrible to read.

The demoralization consequent upon the spread of French ideas extended also to the family relation. As in France so in America. In those days there was a weakening of matrimonial ties; the legitimate harvest of deistical and atheistical sentiments. Of this striking statistics are given.

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* *Christianity in the United States, from the First Settlement down to the Present Time.* By DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 814. Price, $3.50.

The growth of temperance sentiment, of anti-slavery sentiment, the early revivals of religion, and, above all, the growth of Methodism, is a record of grandest heroism and victorious progress. The development of modern benevolences, of the religious press and of religious schools and colleges, is full of brightest augury for the twentieth century.

Dr. Dorchester makes use of many coloured maps, charts, and diagrams to illustrate this marvellous progress. In 1655 the continental possessions of France surpassed many times those of England, Sweden, the Netherlands, and Spain taken together.

The wonderful growth of the Y.M.C.A. in the United States and throughout the world, of Sunday-schools, of missions, of wealth, of colleges, of Protestantism as compared with Catholicism, of church accommodation, and of church property as shown by lucid diagrams, are in the highest degree instructive and encouraging. Beginning with nothing in 1830, the students in Methodist colleges have outstripped all others. The Protestant Episcopal Church has fallen behind all others. The book is a perfect mine of information on everything connected with religious progress in the United States. The reading of this excellent book is a moral tonic. One feels like saying with Browning's Pippa: "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

A RUSSIAN HYPATIA.*

Such is the title given to Sónya Kovalévsky by a recent reviewer of her biography. It is a book of such extraordinary interest that two English translations, as well as editions in Russian, Swedish and French, have within a short time appeared. It gives such an insight into social and domestic life in Russia, France, Italy and Sweden as one can scarce find elsewhere.

Sónya Kovalévsky's personal recollections extend only to her thirteenth year. Her biography is written by a scarce less remarkable character, Anna Carlotta Leffler, the only daughter of a Swedish rector, who became Duchess of Cajanello. She, too, was a precocious genius. She wrote plays in her teens and became an expert in higher mathematics. At a scientific congress in Algiers she met her fate in the Duke of Cajanello, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Naples, whom she married, and died in 1893 at Capri; her last work was revising the sheets of this biography.

The portrait of Sónya Kovalévsky presents a face of remarkable beauty and strength of character. She was born in Moscow, and was the daughter of a Russian General. On the emancipation of the serfs her father retired to his estate with its mediæval castle and devoted himself to rural affairs. The self-centred child was early addicted to literature and verse writing, and pondered deeply questions of religion and philosophy. With her sister Anuita, a self-willed, impulsive beauty, she sought to escape the repression of Russian life. At the age of eighteen Sónya made a surreptitious marriage with a Russian student, Kovalévsky, which gave her an opportunity to study abroad. Her teacher at St. Petersburg, and later a professor at Berlin, discovered her remarkable mathematical powers. We quote the following record of her success:

"Her career presents a series of unparalleled intellectual triumphs. She won the degree of Philosophy in Göttingen and many other degrees and triumphs, was invited to the University of Stockholm, first as a *privat-docent* and afterward as professor. The year 1888 brought her from the French Academy of Science the *Prix Bordin*, the greatest scientific honour which any woman has ever gained, one of the greatest proposed to human achievement. She was the heroine of the hour at Paris. She was fêted and interviewed, and seemed to have reached the utmost bound of possible ambition. But in the midst of all this public triumph she knew herself to be only miserable."

Her husband had died and her empty heart felt a craving which worldly triumph could never fill. A new love came to her

* *Sónya Kovalévsky. Her Recollections of Childhood.* Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. With a Biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello. Translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley. And a Biographical Note by Lily Wolffshon. 8vo. Pp. 318. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

heart, but her jealous and stormy temper, for she had gypsy blood in her veins, worried her lover with exactions which turned her affection into misery. On a winter journey from Nice to Stockholm she fell ill and in a few days died, in February, 1891. "Alone with a hired nurse," writes the Duchess of Cajanello, "a stranger who did not even know her language, she had to struggle through her last bitter battle. In her innermost heart she was afraid of the Great Unknown. She had no definite religious belief. But she believed in the eternal life of each individual soul. She believed and she trembled. She was especially afraid of the awful moment at which earthly life ends. She often quoted Hamlet's words:

"'For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.'"

It is a sad story, which shows that, as St. Augustine says: God made us for Himself and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Him";* or as Mrs. Browning says:

"Nor man, nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created."

Jane Watson, that English mathematical genius, who struggled through doubt to faith and died in missionary toil in Africa, had

"Found the ground wherein
Sure her soul's anchor might remain."

Mary Sommerville and Katharine Herschell, of scarce less mathematical genius, lived to sunny old age in the enjoyment of religion. But this daughter of Russia —another Hypatia or Olympia Morata— for lack of this guiding star, lived in darkness and died in gloom.

* "Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te." Aug. "Confessio."

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

The learned and accomplished author of this volume is not a stranger to the readers of the *Methodist Magazine and Review*, as we have had frequent occasion to call attention to him, and to his works as they have appeared from time to time; and the products of his literary labours have already a pretty wide circulation in this country. He is best known perhaps, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the author of a series of learned commentaries on certain of the Epistles of St. Paul, but his reputation as a scholar and a thinker does not depend upon these alone. Not to speak of his minor works, all of which bear the marks of competent scholarship and of conscientious and thorough work, his book entitled "Through Christ to God" added materially to the estimation in which he was held as a theologian among students and scholars. Of that work we have already expressed our opinion, and what we said of it a couple of years ago, when it first reached us, need not be repeated at this time.

The present volume, as the author tells us in the preface, is a necessary sequel to the work which has just been referred to. The former work was "A Study in Scientific Theology"; the present is, as the sub-title expresses it, "A Study in Personal Religion." The relation between them is so close that they may be said to form different parts of the same whole. The former is fundamental to the latter; the foundation is laid in that for the superstructure which is raised in this. Though each is complete in itself, and may be read alone, owing to the close relation which they sustain to each other they may be better read together in the order of their publication. Taken together they contain a comprehensive outline of Christian theology, a complete body of divinity, compendiously but lucidly stated.

The present volume, as has been noted, is called by the author, "A Study in Personal Religion"; but it might with equal propriety be denominated "An essay in Biblical Theology." The former phrase describes the end which the author had in view, the latter the method and

* *The New Life in Christ: A Study in Personal Religion.* By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Crown octavo. Pp. 347. Price, $1.50.

means by which this end is attained. "The New Life in Christ" is matter of Christian experience, but it is also matter of revelation, the written revelation which we have in the Holy Scriptures. It can therefore be approached in either of two ways: either from the standpoint of the experience of the individual believer or from that of the inspired Word. Dr. Beet has adopted the latter course. Beginning at the inception of the new life in Christ, he traces it step by step through all its phases up to its consummation; and does this throughout in the light which shines from the Bible.

It is this mode of treatment of this great subject in all its various branches by an accomplished biblical scholar that gives it so much freshness, and invests it with so much interest. It is true indeed that though the subject treated has not the attribute of novelty to commend it, it has this peculiarity about it, that it never grows old. If it ever seems to grow threadbare, the fault is not in the matter but in the mode of treatment. This Dr. Beet has made abundantly plain in this volume. He has made it plain also that if we are to be fresh and vigorous, and at the same time correct and authoritative in dealing with all that pertains to the new and higher life, the life in Christ, or, as we sometimes express it, the life of God in the soul, we must study the Holy Scriptures, especially the sayings of our Lord and the writings of the apostles, more conscientiously and thoroughly than we have ever done heretofore, and use them more freely.

Our notice of the book has been very general, not because there are not many things in it on which we should have liked to have dwelt, but because the discussion has taken such an ample range, and the particular topics treated are so numerous and so important, that to descend to particulars in a notice of this kind was quite out of the question.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM AND THE MONUMENTS.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

These learned volumes, which have each already passed through several editions, place their readers abreast of a most important and interesting field of historical inquiry. For many years the critical attempts to reconstruct the history of the Hebrew people on the basis of a destructive criticism have been productive only of unrest and dissatisfaction. The field was one of the utmost importance. All men acknowledged that in the history of our civilization no influence had been more important than that of the Hebrews. In ethics and religion they stood pre-eminent above all other peoples in the far-reaching forces of which they were the ministers to the world. What was the past out of which these forces came to us? Was it a line of divine selection and illumination gradually culminating in Jesus the Messiah? Or must all our old conceptions be abandoned in favour of a theory which made Moses the minister of a tribal god, who gave his people a few political and ethical precepts which prophets and priests of a later date expanded into the vast system which they imposed upon the people in his name?

This question, while affecting the entire structure, composition, and historical conception of the Old Testament, centres around the Pentateuch, and in the Pentateuch especially affects the Book of Genesis. The works before us do not at all concern themselves with the analytical methods of the higher critics, by which they seek to determine the materials or various documents out of which the Book of Genesis and other parts of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch were compiled. They address themselves to a far more important question. However produced, and whenever produced, do these books tell a true story? and how shall we interpret the story which they do tell?

It is a fundamental principle of all sound interpretation of literature, that every literary composition must be interpreted in the light of its history. The documents before us purport to present to us the earliest historic traditions of the race. How shall we interpret these traditions? Do they when so interpreted tell us a trustworthy tale? On both these points the works before us extract

* *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments.* By J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Higher Criticism and the Monuments. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Queen's College, Oxford. London: S. P. C. K.

from the monuments a vast amount of most important information. In the first place they clearly identify the contents of the earlier chapters of Genesis with the literature, history, and traditions of the great Euphrates Valley, the early home of Abraham and the Hebrew people. They are shown to be related to that literature as it existed two thousand years before Christ rather than five hundred.

In the first place, they reproduce for us with amazing fulness and perfection the history of centuries, which for thousands of years had been lost to the knowledge of men. In the second place wherever the two records touch upon the same field of historic fact they confirm each other. To use the language of Professor Sayce, "To the historian the precise date of the narratives in Genesis in their present form matters but little. So long as he is assured that they are derived from ancient documents contemporaneous with the events which they record, he is fully satisfied. What he wants to know is whether he can deal with a chapter in the Book of Genesis as he would deal with a statement in Gibbon or Macaulay? Let him be satisfied on this point and he asks no more. The critic had resolved the narratives of Genesis into a series of myths or idealistic fictions; the Assyriologist has rescued some at least of them, for the historian of the past."

But while we are thus pleased to find ourselves once more treading on firm historic ground in the earlier chapters of Genesis, perhaps even more important is the assistance given us in the interpretation of these chapters. If we mistake not, this will before long amount to as complete a revolution as has already taken place in our interpretation of prophecy by the aid of light from the same ancient monuments.

Current Thought.

We purpose opening a department which shall reflect, as far as our space will permit, the progress of human thought, as expressed by the leading organs of public opinion in the English language. We cannot, of course, cover the whole range of Reviews and Magazines, for their name is Legion. But nothing, we hope, of special prominence shall be overlooked.

We always read with great interest and pleasure Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*. We say Mr. Stead's—for the English edition we very much prefer to the American edition, edited by Dr. Albert Shaw. The latter is better printed, but the former has for Canadians the interest of a living link with the Motherland. There is something very chivalric about Mr. W. T. Stead. Like a knight-errant he rides abroad redressing human wrong and doing all the good he can in all the ways he can. The motto of his "Civic Church" is a very noble one: "The union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer." A veteran journalist, he criticises his craft with a trenchant pen. Of Jingo journalists on both sides of the sea he writes as follows:

"At present the alarums of war are only audible in newspaper offices, for the journalist is fast coming to be recognized as the worst enemy of the peace of the world. It is not the sovereigns and the statesmen of the Old World and the New who will make the next war; it seems more probable that its outbreak will be forced by journalists, whose hot-headed sensationalism, and reckless indifference to every consideration of humanity and civilization, would richly justify their execution as public malefactors. . . . No sane human being—I say nothing of Christianity or intelligence—can look over the newspaper files for the last month, without feeling that too many English and American journalists have justified the worst censure that has ever been pronounced upon their craft. . . . It is in vain quoting the Golden Rule to Jingo journalists hot for war; but it is well to remember now and then, that unless we can put ourselves in the place of our rivals, we shall never be able to understand the strength of their position.

"We have a choice selection of American journalists, too, who in their comments on the Venezuelan question, have succeeded in writing such malevolent nonsense as to eclipse the tallest performances of British journalism. It is time that in both sections of the English-speaking world some public rebuke should be administered to those journalists who, whenever there is a little difference of opinion between two governments, con-

sider it their highest duty to ramp, roar, and envenom the controversy by the most unscrupulous misrepresentation."

Mr. Stead's character-studies are of special interest. That of Lord Churchill is the most scathing judgment of any public man we remember to have read. The latest one discusses the life of Herbert Spencer. The book of the month is that with the sensational title, "The Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli, which he regards as the "zenith attained by the penny-dreadfulesque."

Mr. Stead is nothing if not daring, and, in a way, sensational himself. His Christmas story is "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain." The hero is, not the prime minister of King Herod, but the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Minister of King Demos, the British people. One of its chief features is the evolution of the New Woman and her influence on society.

The *London Quarterly Review*, for October (London: Charles H. Kelly), is the chief literary organ of English Methodism, and in our judgment is the peer of the best of the Quarterlies. It has always a fine literary flavour, and devotes much attention to the great subjects which are occupying the world's higher thought. The initial article is a highly appreciative review of Robert Louis Stevenson and his work. There seems to be a reaction against the theory of the universal ice age. Sir Henry Howorth's book on "The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood," gives a conservative review on this subject. The review of Tennyson's "King Arthur" seems a somewhat belated study of the Laureate's greatest work. It has been well said, "the spade of the explorer is the best commentator on the Scripture." This is well illustrated in an article on "The Lessons from the Monuments," in which a fine tribute is paid to a distinguished professor of our own Toronto University. "It is enough to observe," says the reviewer, "that Professor McCurdy's is the most successful attempt with which we are acquainted, thus to bring Israelitish history as it were into focus, in its relation to the contemporary history of the East" The article on "Agrarian Reform," is of more interest to the Old World than the New, although we will have our agrarian questions here in the twentieth century. "Coleridge's Letters," "Adam Smith," and "Religious Life in Denmark," are other articles.

An excellent paper on "Labrador," in the July number, will be of special interest to Canadian readers. That somewhat bleak region will, after the entrance of Newfoundland into the Dominion, be an appanage of Canada. Our own Church and the Moravian Brethren are doing the chief missionary work in that country: see article by our own missionary, the Rev. John Newman, on "A Two-thousand Mile Journey in Labrador," in the October number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. "Social England" and "Social Anatomy" are two clever studies on what can be called the evolution of modern society.

The *Methodist Review*, bi-monthly (New York: Hunt & Eaton), is the leading organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Its articles are more theological and religious than those of the *London Quarterly*. They are all signed, which we think an improvement on the English method. In the last two numbers are several specially interesting articles. One by Professor Baird, the author of the greatest history of Huguenotism, is on "The Refugee Churches in England," and a kindred paper is on "Jean Lallier, the Fickle Reformer." An irenical paper, by President Warren, discusses the woman question in the General Conference. "The Methodist Episcopal Church in her relation to the Negroes in the South," is treated by Dr. W. W. W. Wilson,—what a doubly-duplicated individual he must be! The Church that has spent over six and a half millions since the war, in education and mission work in the South, has a noble record.

The author makes this generous plea for Africa: "Their religious propensities as a race are also proverbially exceptional. It was Africa that afforded Jesus shelter when he was driven from his native land, and African hands that ministered to Joseph and Mary. It was Simon the Cyrenian, a Hellenistic Jewish colonist of Africa, who took up the fainting Saviour's cross where he was about to drop it, and bore it to Golgotha's summit. It was the eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who, in his chariot in the desert, characteristically opened his heart, as does his race ever, to the teaching of God's messenger, and believed and was baptized then and there. Shall the woman who anointed Christ's body unto its burial be mentioned wherever the Gospel is preached, and shall these kind deeds of Africa's children be forgotten? In gratitude let them be not only remem-

bered, but reciprocated in the uplifting of her sons."

Bishop Mallalieu writes wisely on "The Need for an Evangelistic Ministry," Professor Hyde on "The Living Charms of Homer" to-day, Dr. Hobbs on "Progress of Theology." Our own able contributor, Rev. Wm. Harrison, has a brilliant article on "The Mechanical Conception of the World." It evidences a wide range of philosophical reading, and is written with force and eloquence. The departments of Archæology and Biblical Research, Missionary Review, the Itinerants' Club, and the like, in this quarterly are well sustained.

The Christmas numbers of the great monthlies are marvels of splendid illustration and racy and readable text—though of rather light tissue, for holiday wear.

The Century appears in new type of curiously antique fashion. The Napoleon cult is still maintained. This arch-brigand has too long been the object of misplaced hero-worship. The more we learn of him the more brutal and butcherly his exploits appear.

The most striking article is that on Tissot's "Life of Christ," with twelve illustrations of the wonderfully realistic pictures of the great French artist. They are not realistic in the coarse and vulgar manner of some recent French pictures, in which Bible characters are shown in the sordid garb of modern every-day life. This is more irreverent than the early pictures we have seen of the soldiers at the crucifixion, armed with cross-bows and muskets, the Massacre of the Innocents at Bethlehem as a winter scene in a Dutch village, and Tintoretto's Marriage at Cana of Galilee as a stately Florentine pageant in architecture and costume. Tissot's picture of the Blessed Virgin, however, strikes us as too commonplace, — not as spirituelle as the sweet-faced women of Nazareth and Bethlehem to-day. We doubt if the women in Egypt would fill their water-jars so near a crowd of river boats, as shown. On a thousand-mile sail on the Nile, we saw them performing this function only in comparative seclusion, and our dragoman would not allow us to approach them. Tissot's great Bible, now passing through the press, will be the grandest pictorial Life of Christ ever published. The "Passion-play at Vorder-Thiersee," is a curious account of a mediæval institution which lingers like a belated ghost amid the light of day.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also sustains an excellent bi-monthly, periodical, *The Methodist Review*, devoted to religion and philosophy, science and literature. Dr. Tigert, the editor, has a series of able papers on "The Making of Methodism." Sidney Lanier, the sweetest poet the South has yet produced, is reviewed with keen appreciation. Frederick W. Robertson and Bishop Marvin are good character-studies. Dr. Du Bose writes well on "Authority in Art and Religion." Bible Fasting and Some Aspects of Bible work, are well treated, and the vital subject of "Methodist Unity" is a contribution to the federation, if not union, of the twenty-three Methodisms of the United States, which divisions we think a reproach to such a catholic Church.

The Missionary Review of the World (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) is the strongest monthly devoted specially to that subject which we know. Dr. Arthur Pierson has written an important series of papers on "The Miracles of Missions," which are like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. It takes every month a broad survey of mission progress throughout the world, and a special study of some country. Recent numbers have devoted much attention to China and Japan, where the new impact on the Orient has arrested the attention of the world.

Harper's, the oldest of American Monthlies, keeps well to the front in its forty-fifth year. Canada is exploited in its "On Snow-shoes to the Barren Grounds, a Twenty-six Hundred Miles' Tramp through Canada's Great Lone Land." The schoolmaster missionary, whom the author met in that region, we are sure does not properly represent the heroic band of faithful labourers in that difficult field. There is an interesting article on Iona and its Memories. The romantic and touching story of the victories and failure of Joan of Arc—a truth stranger than fiction—has been followed with interest throughout the year. The illustrations have been exceedingly fine. The Harpers' Christmas Catalogue, as also that of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with fine illustrations, embrace many notable works.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, alone of the great magazines, depends entirely upon its literary merit, apart from illustration. It is one of the strongest monthlies published. In its pages have appeared the

best work of that remarkable group—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Parkman, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Hawthorne, and other vanished voices. Still it has sweet singers, wise thinkers, and pleasant story writers. Canada is well in evidence in the December number in Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty," and Miss L. Dougall's Witchcraft story. History in Old Virginia, in the France of the Revolution, in Armada Days, and in Eastern Europe, are given by John Fiske and less known writers.

Lippincott's Monthly (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, $3.00 a year) maintains the practice of printing a complete story in each number and sometimes dramatic poems, as Amelie Rives' "Mariamne," in which the doom which haunted like a Nemesis the house of Herod is strongly described. The Christmas catalogue of this house is a very strong one. Their "Land of the Muskeg" a little-known region in British Columbia, recently penetrated by Mr. H. Somers Somerset, the intrepid son of Lady Somerset, is an illustrated volume of special interest to Canadian readers. In olden time the knights sought to win the favour of their lady-love by deeds of derring-do. Perhaps on the same principle young Somerset was determined to distinguish himself on the eve of his marriage. It is pleasant to know that the social function which accompanied this event was marked by the absence of all intoxicants, as we might expect at Eastnor Castle, the home of such a staunch white-ribbon leader as Lady Somerset.

The leading article in *Scribner's Magazine* describes the work of the famous Dutch-English painter, Alma-Tadema. No man ever so re-produced the classic spirit. His rendering of marble, of texture and tissue, are marvellous. The reproductions in this number are of great delicacy. A curious experiment is that of superimposing the printed text upon the illustrations. We do not think the experiment a success.

The New World for December (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) completes the fourth volume of this leading review of religion, ethics and theology, presenting a strong table of contents. Among the articles are "Tendencies of Thought in Modern Judaism," by David Philipson. "The Miracles of Jesus in the Synoptic Gospels," by Albert Réville. "The Anabaptists," by W. E. Griffis. "Tito Melema," by Julia H. Gulliver. "Popular Protestant Controversy," by C. C. Starbuck, and "Local Cults in Homer," by Arthur Fairbanks. Fifty-five pages of able reviews of prominent books follow.

The *Chautauquan* has grown to be one of the strongest magazines of the day. It is a worthy exponent of the great literary movement known as the C. L. S. C. Its Required Reading articles are distinctly educational, while its General Reading and Woman's Council take wider range. We strongly commend the C. L. S. C. course and its magazine.

Our own veteran *Christian Guardian*, now in its 67th year, is renewing its youth and exhibiting greater energy than ever. Its circulation has more than doubled in the last year. It is the cheapest and best religious paper in this Dominion, or, we think, on this continent.

We are glad to observe that the *Wesleyan* (Halifax: S. F. Huestis, $1 a year), never more vigorous than under the able editorship of the Rev. George Bond, B.A., has been considerably enlarged, with the prospect of a still further enlargement. We trust that our churches in the Maritime Provinces will rally around their own organ and make it the success it deserves to be.

The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* (Wesleyan Conference Office, London), under the able management of Dr. Watkinson, has been enlarged in size and made more popular in character. Illustrations are freely used, and articles of travel and serial stories employed. We are glad to learn that the circulation has largely increased.

Our Primitive Methodist friends also issue an admirable *Review*, also magazine and a varied young people's and Sunday-school series, as also do the New Connexion and, we believe, the Bible Christians.

The strongest feature in *Good Words* for 1895 has been Crockett's "Men of the Moss-hags," a story of the Killing Time in the old Covenanting days. It gives a wonderfully vivid picture of the period, but it scarcely brings out as it might the moral heroism and spiritual power of those sons of the Covenant.

Our excellent *confrère*, the *Canadian Magazine*, closes a year of marked progress and prosperity. It devotes special attention to Canadian topics and contains many valuable contributions by leading Canadian writers.

Book Notices.

From Far Formosa: The Island, Its People and Missions. By George Leslie MacKay, D. D., for twenty-three years a Missionary in Formosa. Edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Maps and Illustrations. Octavo, cloth, $2.00. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada enjoys the distinguished honour of having given to the heathen world two of the most successful missionaries of modern times—John Geddie, the apostle of the New Hebrides, on whose tomb is written, "When he came there were no Christians: when he died there were no heathen," and George MacKay, the father and founder of Christian missions in Formosa.

The announcement of a volume by Dr. G. L. MacKay, who knows the island of Formosa better than any other living man, will be especially welcome at the present time. Dr. MacKay was educated in Toronto, Princeton and Edinburgh, giving special attention to theology, natural science and medicine. In 1872 he began his labours in North Formosa. At that time there was not a church, chapel or native Christian anywhere in the island. Dr. MacKay has carried on his work with almost no foreign helpers. He believes in a native church and a native ministry. To-day there are in his mission sixty organized native churches, four of them self-supporting; a membership of 2,719; and each one of the sixty churches is ministered to by a trained native preacher. He has established Oxford College with fifteen students in training for the ministry, a school for the education of girls and Bible-women, and a hospital and dispensary. College and church buildings, fourteen of which are of stone, in size and style would do credit to Western Christianity and civilization.

In carrying on this work Dr. MacKay has come into the closest relations with the people. Indeed, his wife is a Chinese lady. He has studied *con amore* the habits and customs of the people.

One scarcely cares to speak of hardships and hair-breadth escapes in such a life. They are every-day occurrences. He was the first to face the hatred of the foreigner there; and many a time it would seem that the Chinese assassin in the dark or the Chinese mob in the open street would rid the island of the "foreign devil." Or, escaping the Chinese rage, there were the savage tribes, the "Black Flags," in the mountains and their stealthy head-hunters on the border-land, who more than once lay in ambush for "the black-bearded barbarian." The book is suggestive of thrilling experiences, but a wise reserve is manifested. Dr. MacKay is known to be a man of indomitable energy, fearless courage, and apostolic faith and zeal. But his book is much more than a record of conversions, chapel-building and missionary adventure. It possesses also much scientific and ethnologic interest. We have been so impressed with its value that we have put it in the hands of a competent writer as the subject for a special article.

An Introduction to Dogmatic Theology. By Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary. Second Edition Revised. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago & Toronto. Price, $2.00.

To the student of theology this is an interesting and exceedingly serviceable volume. It aims to present simply an introduction to a system. It has grown out of the demands of the lecture-room, and consequently has especial value, inasmuch as the teacher seems to be holding a series of conversations with his readers.

The work has four main divisions, as follows: The Definition, The Contents, The Method, and The History, of Dogmatics. Under each of these we have several subdivisions, furnishing not only a very helpful and suggestive treatment of the whole subject, but also presenting a most excellent model for imitation in the investigation and presentation of any subject-matter. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find more of solid definition, of historical development, and of results and tendencies in the same compass than we have in this little volume of about 300 pages. Of especial value is the Syllabus for an extended course of lectures on theology, anthropology, christology, etc., pp. 137-143.

The author holds that theology has strong claims upon our consideration,

because "such a science is necessary to satisfy the intellect, to direct the affections, and to develop the practical life of the minister and of the Church. It is possible, because God has revealed himself to man, and the relation of faith to knowledge and of theology to philosophy is such as not to preclude the possibility of a theological science.

Theology is not to be regarded as a closed science. "Our subjective understanding of the facts with regard to God, and our consequent exposition of these facts may and do become more perfect." It is not progressive, however, in relation to its objective facts. These do not change either in their number or their nature. Certain limitations are specified showing why it is not possible for us to come as yet into full possession of the facts or of their meaning.

On religion, its nature, origin, actuality, and essential character, the author has made some very pertinent and helpful remarks. The derivation of the term is held to be from *relegere*, "to ponder over a thing," thus designating a diligent attention to those things which pertain to the worship of God. Touching the origin of religion, it is claimed that it is "natural, intrinsically necessary, rooted in man's very being." In its subjective sense "it is at once knowing, willing, and feeling, because it is the matter of the whole inner man, of the root of his personal life."

The author is distinctly and emphatically Lutheran in his attitude against human authority in matters of faith. Salvation is in Christ alone. "Subjectively stated, this is the doctrine of justification by faith alone." "This is the material principle of Protestantism, that is, it forms the great central matter about which it gathers." The Scriptures are recognized as the only authoritative witness in regard to salvation through Christ. "This is the formal principle of Protestantism." The history of dogmatics is brought down to the present time.

The volume closes with a select literature of dogmatics, a full index, and a goodly number of blank pages for the use of the reader to make such record as the text may suggest. Altogether, it is a very useful and instructive volume, and a most desirable companion and guide in the prosecution of biblical and historical studies in theology. E. I. B.

Constantinople, the City of the Sultans. By Clara Erskine Clement, Author of "Naples, the City of Parthenope." Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. In case. Price, $3.00.

This is a veritable *edition de luxe*. The publishers enclose this handsome volume, with its delicate binding in white and gold, in no less than three covers, a compliment to its beauty. It is thus as well protected as the hareem favourites of Stamboul in their yashmak and ferajeh. It differs from Mr. Crawford's monograph in giving a very full account of the romantic history of Constantinople – the New Rome of the East—from the days of its founding by Constantine the Great.

After a brief but brilliant bloom, like that of the Eastern pomegranate or poppy, its glory quickly withered; and even before its capture by the Turks it fell into a deep decline. For a thousand years, however, after the fall of Old Rome, it alone maintained the traditions of the Empire of the Cæsars. Never was a more dramatic episode than the final siege and conquest in 1453, which, as Gibbon says, "ended the world's debate."

The numerous pictures of this volume recall the memories of the great Theodosius; the wise Justinian; of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, who from his exile's cell ruled all the Eastern Christendom; of the proud Eudoxia, a new Herodias persecuting the saints of God; of brave, blind, hapless Belisarius; of Genoese valour and the crusading knights; of the conquering Mohammed II., and Suleiman the Magnificent; of the brutal Janizaries; of the bloody memories of the Seven Towers; of the mystery and splendour of the old Seraglio; of the blended magnificence and squalour of its streets and bazaars. A number of interesting chapters are added upon the modern city. Turkish ladies, social relations, marriage and funeral customs, superstitions and dervishes, fasts and festivals. A score of excellent engravings illustrate this remarkable city which is still, as from time immemorial, the key of the Euxine, the gateway of commerce and the storm centre of Europe.

The Christian Consciousness; Its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrine. By J. S. Black. 7½x5 inches. Pp. 244. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

This is a book which calls attention to a comparatively untrodden field in the world of religious thought. The author seeks to define and illustrate the place

of Christian consciousness in the evolution of morals and doctrine. "Hitherto," he writes in the preface, "we have spoken of the Bible, the Church, and the reason, as being sources of authority. To these three the spirit of the age demands the addition of the Christian consciousness, as being not only a source of authority in and of itself, but also as being a touchstone for the trying of the Bible, the Church, and the reason."

"Religious consciousness," we are told, "is consciousness plus the theistic conception; and Christian consciousness is religious consciousness with certain notable additions (page 13). Its authority is co-ordinate with that of the Bible. "It is the illumined Word," taking the initiative in all change, though not in itself a primary and independent source of authority. It can no more outgrow the Holy Scriptures than men can outgrow the multiplication table. It is not necessarily infallible. Through its ministry faith becomes sight, and the Christian no longer believes that the Word is from God; he knows it. It is developed through obedience. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

The workings of Christian consciousness are illustrated by references to slavery, intemperance, and the gradual decay of certain dogmas and the development of new beliefs, which have sprung up, not in obedience to the degrees of church councils, but in obedience to a general conviction of truth wrought in the hearts of honest, loyal disciples of Jesus.

There is much in this book to stimulate thought, as well as a good deal to awaken criticism. It has somewhat disappointed the expectations which were excited by the introduction, but we commend it to the thoughtful student as worthy of a careful reading. S. P. R.

Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu. By Constance Fenimore Woolson, Author of "Anne," "East Angels," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

Miss Woolson was in love with Italy and the Levant. Her recent and tragic death at Venice lends pathetic interest to this volume. She lived long at Mentone, that lovely health resort on the Cornice Road, the noblest in the world. This road, she explains, is a mere shelf or ledge along the mountain side above the sea, hence the name, almost the same as our word "cornice." She knew the daily life of the peasant people, and weaves into an interesting story, incidents of town and village life in the Riviera. The pictures of that lovely land of citron and palm, of the narrow streets, the convent or church-crowned heights, the cowled monks, Monaco and Monte Carlo, recall pleasant memories of the sunny south. Of still more artistic feeling are those of Egypt and Cairo, whose many-coloured life and exquisite saracenic architecture are admirably reproduced. The section on Corfu and the Ionian sea will be pleasant reading for those interested—as what student is not?—in the New Greece of these modern times.

Literature of Theology. A Classified Bibliography of Theological and General Religious Literature. By John Fletcher Hurst. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Octavo. Pp. 771. Price, $4.00.

Bishop Hurst combines in his literary labour, German thoroughness with Yankee enterprise. This is a book which has long been needed and will be exceedingly useful. It has already put us on the track of some books on special subjects that we need. It will furnish Methodist preachers especially with the clue to the labyrinth of literature on subjects in which they are concerned. "It is designed," says the author, "to be a systematic and exhaustive Bibliography of the best and most desirable books in Theology in General and Religious Literature published in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. That the average library of the Christian layman and of the minister of the Gospel is poor beyond words is a lamentable fact. A poor book is dear and a good one cheap at any cost." The publishers and size and price of the book are given wherever possible; also copious index of authors and index of subjects. We are gratified to find the works of even so humble an individual as the present writer in this list of best books.

Studies in Theology. IV.—Creation. God in Time and Space. By Bishop R. S. Foster, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

This book is not, as some might infer from its title, a scientific discussion of theological themes. With the exception, perhaps, of the "Preliminary Observations," and the "Method of the Eternal Cause," the general style and mode of

treatment is that of the platform lecture. To those who have had the great privilege of hearing Bishop Foster lecture, nothing further need be said, concerning either matter or style. To others we may quote a sentence of the preface. "The treatise is a popular putting of results rather than processes and methods. As nearly as possible it is a comprehensive view of the universe in its known facts and laws as it protends in time and space."

In carrying out this purpose, the author has grouped together in a striking manner many interesting facts from astronomy, geology, palæontology and theology.

This book deals chiefly with conclusions and not with the processes by which these conclusions have been reached. To the general reader, however, who has not the taste or knowledge for scientific discussion, but desires to know the bearing of scientific results on the problems of being, it presents much stimulating and valuable thought. Copious extracts are made from leading scientific writers. Though some of the science is rather out of date, the reader will find that in most instances the work presents a summary of the best that has been said on the great themes discussed. J. B.

Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush. By Ian Maclaren. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 322. Price, $1.25.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 366. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, $1.25.

This pair of books are companions, being a series of tales of Drumtochty. There is no more popular writer in our day than Ian Maclaren, popular in the very best sense, because wholesome in moral and spiritual teaching. The Scotch characters he introduces are invested with a reality surpassing fiction. The popularity of these works is not a mere catering to the conceived needs, or preconceived ideals of the public, but rather the using of wit, humour, pathos, and comedy as a means of leading up to higher standpoints. He does not reproduce familiar, flattering photographs of daily family life, but in advance of his time sweeps away old prejudices and enforces new truth.

The author in his power of moving the emotions is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any living writer. There is a vein of theological teaching running through all these tales and a truthfulness of portrayal that brings conviction. He depicts the Scotch passion for theological subtleties, and shows that there is a depth of feeling beneath the undemonstrative exterior of the Scotchman that is born of the influence of truth upon the heart rather than the stirring of superficial emotions. Mr. Gladstone says of "A Doctor of the Old School," in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which is published in a separate volume, illustrated; price, $2.00; "There has never been anything of the kind finer than the sketch of 'The Country Doctor.' It is without doubt the cream of the book. 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne' will be regarded as Maclaren's masterpiece of Scottish literature, and will be read with even greater delight than the previous volume." A. M. P.

Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History. By Edouard Richard, an Acadian, ex-member of the House of Commons of Canada. Two volumes. Octavo. Pp. 776. Price, cloth, $4.00; paper, $2.00. New York: Home Book Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The story of the expulsion of the Acadians is one of the most pathetic in our country's history. However painful its features, it may not be glossed over by apologists for that act. It remains a page in the annals of Canada which it is not pleasant to contemplate. The writer of these volumes is an Acadian, and a descendant of one of those Acadian exiles. He endeavours to clear the reputation of his ancestors from the aspersions of violation of their oath of neutrality which have been cast upon them. "He claims that the Home Government had nothing to do with either the resolving upon or carrying out this act of barbarity that has left upon the civilized world the impression of ineradicable and unassuagible pain." He boldly challenges and, we judge, successfully controverts the accusations of Mr. Parkman in his history of this unhappy affair. We think, however, that his sympathy with his compatriots has led him into unjust denunciation of that great writer who more than any other made the romantic story of French Canada known to the world. The real facts educed by our independent investigations, and sustained by the histories of Judge Haliburton, a patriotic Nova Scotian, are substantially the same as Mr. Richard's.

Studies in Luke's Gospel. By Charles S. Robinson, D.D. Two volumes. Cloth, 12mo., over 300 pages each. Price,

$1.25 per vol. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society.

The International Sunday-school Lessons for 1890 were in the Gospel of Luke, upon which Dr. Robinson published two series of expository discourses, one for each six months, along the lines of the Lessons as helps for preparation. Since Luke is to be studied during the first half of 1896 these studies will be found very useful to teachers and preachers. They are not an exhaustive presentation of this Gospel nor a commentary on the text, but a compilation of studies of specific passages, making thirty discourses in each volume on suggestive topics, treated in a very practical manner.

A. M. P.

Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.50.

The attention of all the world is now drawn to the "storm-centre of Europe." Mr. Crawford knows his Constantinople well—as all readers of "Paul Patoff" will remember. It seems to us like revisiting the busy scenes of the crowded Galata Bridge, the mosques and bazaars, to turn these sumptuous pages and read Mr. Crawford's vivid sketches and study Mr. Lord Weeks' admirable pictures. The latter hit off the many-coloured scenes and figures of this cosmopolitan city to the very life. The matchless beauty of the Golden Horn, the lovely pigeon mosque, the street fountains, the gray old walls, the Sweet Waters of Asia, the mysterious hareem beauties in yashmak or ferajeh all live again in these pages. Mr. Crawford, however, has a better opinion of the "unspeakable Turk," than we have.

The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-grandmother of Victor Immanuel. Translated by Kasimir Dziekonska. With portrait. 16mo, gilt top. Price, $1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Although the period described in this little book is less than one hundred and fifty years ago, yet it reads like a chapter from a mediæval chronicle. The Countess lived in a huge castle with drawbridge and many men-at-arms. In the household dwelt a jester and two dwarfs, one of whom could walk about the dinner-table for the amusement of the guests. The author writes with reverence of her "honoured Parents" with a capital "P," and describes with girlish minuteness the courtship of the Duke of Courland, son of the King of Poland, whom she married, and thus became the great-great-grandmother of both the present king and queen of Italy. The quaint volume has engraved portraits of the countess and three of her Polish homes. It is a little book of such interest that we shall make it the subject of a special sketch.

Anima Poetæ. From the Unpublished Note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Octavo. Price, $2.50. Gilt top.

The title of this book, "The Soul of a Poet," admirably describes its contents, which consist of hitherto unpublished notes, jottings, reflections, confessions and soliloquies of one of the most philosophical thinkers and noble poets of the nineteenth century. Many of these are diaries of tours in Germany, Italy, Sicily, the Lake district and Scotland; notes for projected and accomplished works, rough draughts of poems, annotated jottings from Greek, Latin and modern classics; fragments of metaphysical and theological speculation, records of personal feeling, "of love and friendship, of disappointment and regret, of penitence and resolve, of faith and hope in the unseen." Of course, the jottings are fragmentary and unassorted, but they reveal gleams of purest gold in the ore.

Christ's Idea of the Supernatural. By John H. Denison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 422. Price, $2.00.

In a series of ably-written chapters the author of this book discusses the following important themes: The relation of God to Nature, the Gospel of the Kingdom, the Law of Purity, Evidence, Revelation, Miracles, the Resurrection, the Christ Universe, the Foundation of Belief, and kindred subjects. The conclusion of the whole matter is thus summed up in the words of the author.

"Shall the genuineness of a scripture be judged by a man who has neither the insight or spiritual experience to judge what it actually is, what it has done or is doing for human souls, even though he be as lofty in intelligence as Martineau? It is not only love, but reason; it is a coherent thought which pervades the

whole New Testament. Nay, it is an Intellect, of which the broadest human mind is but a shadow, an Intellect ageless and infinite. It is the mind of Christ, and it stands together with the love of Christ in an invisible unity. For him who finds it, it is indeed "the Rock of Ages."

The Parables and Their Home; The Parables by the Lake. By W. H. THOMPSON, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The beautiful parables of the Matchless Teacher derive a new interest from a knowledge of the customs to which they allude and the environment in which they are set. This is a department of that higher criticism which is so unfolding the deeper meaning of the Word of God. Professor Thompson is well fitted for the lucid exposition of the parables, because he had his birth and spent his early years amid their sacred scenes. He is a son of that Dr. Thompson whose "Land and the Book" has done more to popularize a knowledge of Palestine than any other. The book will be found eminently helpful to preachers and teachers, indeed to all Bible students.

Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem. By LAURENCE HUTTON, Author of "Literary Landmarks of London." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75cts.

This book, Mr. Hutton tells us, was written to gratify a want which he seriously felt during his visit at Jerusalem—a small pocket volume which would tell one exactly what he wishes to know as to sacred sites and scenes—not a bulky volume which one cannot carry and has not time to read if he could, but a handy book which he who runs may read. We think he has successfully fulfilled his ideal. The illustrations and maps are very beautiful and very helpful.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh and London, issue a high-class series of books. They seem to have discovered "Annie Swan," one of the brightest of the new school of Scottish writers, whose "Aldersyde" is one of the most strongly-written books of the day. Anything bearing their imprint has a guarantee of sound morality and good literary form. The following books came to hand too late for fuller review:

For Days of Youth: A Bible Text and Talk for the Young for Every Day in the Year. By the Rev. CHARLES A. SALMOND, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Nothing is such a safeguard from evil and incentive to good as to begin each day with God, to have a text of Scripture in the mind to muse and meditate upon while walking the busy street or waiting at the telephone. These selections are excellent, the comments brief and pointed and barbed with appropriate anecdote or incident. The following is characteristic: "I have broken my crucifix," said a Roman Catholic woman in great distress, "I have now nothing to trust in but the great God." "What a blessing," said John Wesley, "she has a great God to trust to."

Judith: The Money-Lender's Daughter. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Same publisher.

This is a well-written story by a lady of established reputation. It will interest our readers to know that this brilliant writer is a Methodist. We hope to present one of her stories in this magazine. Judith, notwithstanding her name and the occupation of her father, is not a Jewess but a sweet-souled English lass, who speaks thus of her conversion: "When that great beautiful happiness comes into your life, you want none of these other things; indeed, you feel that you are better without them—at least, I do, for in going there we hear and see much much that is evil."

Nature's Story. By H. FARQUHAR, B.D. Same publisher. Price, 75 cents.

Anything that will make the fairy tales of science more interesting to their readers renders them a great intellectual and moral service. The latest results of science are here brought within the range of even young readers. The chapters on Protective and Warning Colours, The Bat and its Friends, When the Earth was Young, The Ice Age, Extinct Life, etc., are of fascinating interest.

No Ambition. By ADELINE SERGEANT. Same publisher. Price, $1.25.

Its motto: "Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts," well expresses its moral purpose.

Notice.—All books reviewed in these pages can be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist Church.

It is stated that seven-eighths of the Wesleyan ministers in England are total abstainers. In Canada and the United States, eight-eighths of the Methodist ministers belong to the abstainers.

During the fall months numerous missionary anniversary meetings were held, commencing with that of Leeds, the proceeds of which were $10,000. Great efforts are being made to raise $250,000, which will pay the debt and provide a fund for extension. A considerable portion of the required amount has been provided.

At a Harvest Thanksgiving Service which was held in a Wesleyan chapel at Sutton Bridge, the vicar of St. John's took part and spoke in a Christian, brotherly manner. He "wanted a union in the fight against sin and in the presence of sin. Let all unite to make men honest, pure, and Christ-like." The vicar was cheered to the echo.

One of the Missionary Secretaries stated at a recent meeting that the missionaries in New Guinea were the sons of the cannibals whom John Hunt and James Calvert went out to Fiji to Christianize.

Rev. Dr. Waller, President of Conference, recently visited Scotland and took part at the corner-stone laying of a church at Falkirk, at which a stone was laid by every pastor in the town, including the pastor of the parish church.

Chief Khama and a deputation of chiefs from South Africa have visited England, protesting against the Bechuana Protectorate being transferred to the South African Chartered Company. They dread the encroachments of civilization, as they know the havoc which is made among their people by the use of intoxicants.

The Missionary Society employs agents in India, Burmah, Ceylon, China (Central and Southern), Western Africa, the Transvaal, Swaziland, and Mashonaland, Honduras, the Bahamas, and the Continent of Europe. Of the 350 missionaries employed more than half are native helpers. The development of a native ministry is a cardinal point in the missionary policy. Not less than 2,500 other mission helpers are engaged as assistants.

Much attention is paid to home missions; those in important centres have been very successful. Said missions have revived Methodism in many towns and villages. There are 113 home missionary ministers employed, and nearly as many lay agents.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The great committees of the Church met in November. The first was the Church Extension Committee which met in Chicago. The society has aided in the erection (including duplicates) of 9,767 churches. The receipts for the year were $245,438.

The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Committee maintains twenty-two schools and colleges among the coloured people, the value of which is $1,281,000, with 219 teachers and 4,845 students. In the manual training and trade schools, 1,549 coloured students are preparing for skilled labour.

The anniversary of the Missionary Society was held at Denver. There was a large attendance of representatives. The income was $1,174,554.38, an increase of $36,746.52. There was an increase of expenditure over the income. The indebtness has now reached the enormous sum of $239,055.36. It was resolved that 55 per cent. should be appropriated to foreign, and 45 per cent. to the home field.

Old John Street church, New York, celebrated its 129th anniversary, October 30th.

Several women have been elected delegates to the General Conference.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A sad fact came to light at the Holston Annual Conference, viz., through insufficient security more than half the invested funds of the Conference were lost. The funds for the relief of the old preachers should amount to $13,000, but in reality there is only $6,000.

Mrs. Hargrove, wife of Bishop Hargrove, delivered an address at the North Texas Conference Home Missionary anniversary, and $1,500 was contributed at the collection.

An unusual occurrence took place at the Tennessee Conference. A blind man

was admitted. He went through college and theological school and mastered the Conference course of study by having the books read to him.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Chapel and Loan Fund has been vigorously worked during the last few years. The income during the last year was $5,010. The Loan Fund has a capital of $40,000. Nearly $100,000 has been raised during the year for debt reductions, new erections and improvements. Since the formation of the fund grants amounting to $165,000 have led to a reduction of debts amounting to $575,000.

The Centenary Conference of 1897 is likely to be held at Sheffield, as it was Mr. Kilham's first circuit from 1797 to 1798 and the first duly organized Conference was held there.

The Evangelistic Union, numbering 83 ministers, has been arranged into districts with a secretary for each. Conventions are held in various places. Reading circles have been formed for the study of the Greek New Testament.

Primitive Methodist Church.

Nearly half of the amount proposed to be raised for the Jubilee Fund—$250,000—has been paid to the treasurers.

A large house adjoining Surrey chapel, London, has been given for the local work of the chapel. The house is valued at $7,500. The donor insists as the only condition that $350 per annum shall be paid as rent, which sum is to be devoted to the Sisters of the People, sending sick children to the seaside, and the relief of distress in specified sums.

The Methodist Church.

The Rev. F. A. Cassidy is meeting with great success in the Maritime Provinces, where he is narrating the success of the mission in Japan.

An earnest appeal, signed by General Superintendent Carman and Missionary Secretary Sutherland, has been sent to the Quarterly Conference Boards throughout the Connexion entreating for larger contributions to be made on behalf of the Missionary Society.

The Methodist Orphanage in Newfoundland is in great need of pecuniary aid. The expenses are very heavy, and in consequence of the depressed state of trade in the colony, it is difficult to raise means to maintain the institution.

Eighty years ago there were only six Methodist ministers in Newfoundland; now there are sixty-six. Then there was only one wooden Methodist chapel valued at $1,000 in St. John's; now there are five churches in the city worth $86,000, besides the magnificent college, parsonages, day-schools, etc.

The Missionary *Outlook* for November contains a picture of the "Riot Babies," Chentu, China. The faces of the eleven little creatures have been greatly admired.

It is very gratifying that the proceeds of several missionary meetings are greatly in advance. May it be so all along the line.

The meeting of the General Mission Board in 1895 was the most protracted ever held. A great amount of important business was transacted. It is hoped that some serious difficulties which had been productive of much harm have now been settled and that the future history of the Society will be more prosperous than ever.

The Woman's Missionary Society held its annual meeting in Toronto. There was a large gathering from the various Conferences and the public meetings were enthusiastic. Our sisters do not run into debt, and when they meet they have a year's income on hand, every cent of which they appropriate. They are wise in their generation.

A beautiful window in memory of the late Rev. William Hall has been placed in Douglas church, Montreal.

A prosperous mission is carried on at Nanaimo, British Columbia, by Mr. Tom Chue. Three young Chinamen were baptized one evening recently. Half the cost of the mission was paid by the Chinese themselves.

The Theological Conference.

This unique gathering was held in Victoria University on the last week in November, and was numerously attended not only by the college faculty and students, but also by ministers in the city and country. A well arranged programme consisting of twenty-five themes was prepared, on each of which essays were read, followed by animated discussions. The questions debated were not all theological, but related to many of the social topics of the day which are exciting attention from all classes. It was evident that both the essayists and those who took part in the discussions had given the various subjects a large amount of careful thought. It was to be expected that the members of the professoriate and ministers of long standing would acquit themselves creditably; but we must frankly state, that the

junior members of the Conference acquitted themselves in a manner creditable both to themselves and those at whose feet they had sat as pupils. This was a feature with which we were exceedingly gratified. No doubt the Conference will prove a great stimulus both to the study of theology and the social questions of the day. A well-deserved vote of thanks was tendered to the Rev. S. D. Chown, Secretary, to whose untiring efforts much of the success of the Conference was due. We believe it is intended to hold a similar gathering next year.

Items.

Rev. Dr. John Hall's church, New York, gave $34 per member for religious purposes last year, about one-half for local purposes and one-half for general benevolences. University Place Presbyterian church, New York, gave $55 per member, $30 of which was for benevolences.

Rev. David Henan, who has been forty years a missionary in India and who has acted as honorary secretary in India for the Mission to Lepers, gave a very interesting address at a noonday prayer-meeting in Toronto and addressed other meetings. There are 500,000 lepers in India alone.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. James Hughes, superannuated minister in the Bay of Quinte Conference, departed this life, November 30th, 1895, aged eighty-nine. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his ministry. When in the "active work," he was a faithful and acceptable preacher. Since 1865 he lived much in retirement, but attended church services as often as health would allow. Brother Hughes was well read in theological and general literature. Occasionally he could act the part of a keen critic. As years advanced he was evidently ripening for heaven, and always took deep interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of Methodism.

Rev. John Shaw, D.D., died December 3rd. He never rallied from the sad accident which he sustained two weeks ago, by means of his bicycle coming in contact with a street-car. Brother Shaw was a man greatly beloved and has left a large circle of admiring friends. He was a man of blameless reputation and a loving disposition, but when duty required he could be firm as a rock. For forty-four years he did faithful service in the Methodist Church. In his early years he was stationed on some hard fields of labour. Both as circuit minister, chairman of districts, president of Conference, and Missionary Secretary he performed efficient service. The death of Dr. Shaw will cause profound regret throughout the Connexion, as he was very widely known, especially on his circuits where he laboured so faithfully in the Gospel. He was a noble type of those early makers of Methodism in this land who are so fast passing away. As he rode through the almost unbroken forests of his pioneer circuits, his sermons were thought out on horseback and delivered with a vigour of body and mind that carried the truth home to many consciences. It was he who felled the first tree on the old Grimsby camping-ground where now spreads a busy summer city. He was a man of singularly kind and amiable disposition. "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

Rev. Thomas Cullen, of London Conference, died at his home in London, December 6th, 1895. He entered the "active work" in 1861, at Kincardine. Being desirous to become better qualified for the ministry he spent a few years at Victoria College. For some years he was stationed in Belleville District, then came west and spent two terms in Toronto city. Afterwards went further west and terminated his career as already stated in London. He was esteemed as a faithful pastor and his brethren gave evidence of their confidence by electing him chairman of district for a few years. Latterly he endured much affliction. A few weeks prior to his decease, a beloved daughter died of typhoid fever. His widow and surviving children mourn his demise, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope.

Rev. R. Boynton, of Bay of Quinte Conference, finished his course, December 7th, 1895. He was only a few years in the ministry, during which he gave proof of his ability for the holy calling, and was regarded as a young man blessed with more than ordinary talent. For some time he was the assistant of the Rev. E. Roberts at Belleville Tabernacle, while Mr. Roberts was engaged raising funds for the enlargement of Albert College. The death of such a young man is a great mystery. Those who knew him best esteemed him most highly. Rev. W. Burns who preached his funeral sermon, regarded him as one of the most promising junior ministers he ever knew.

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